

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

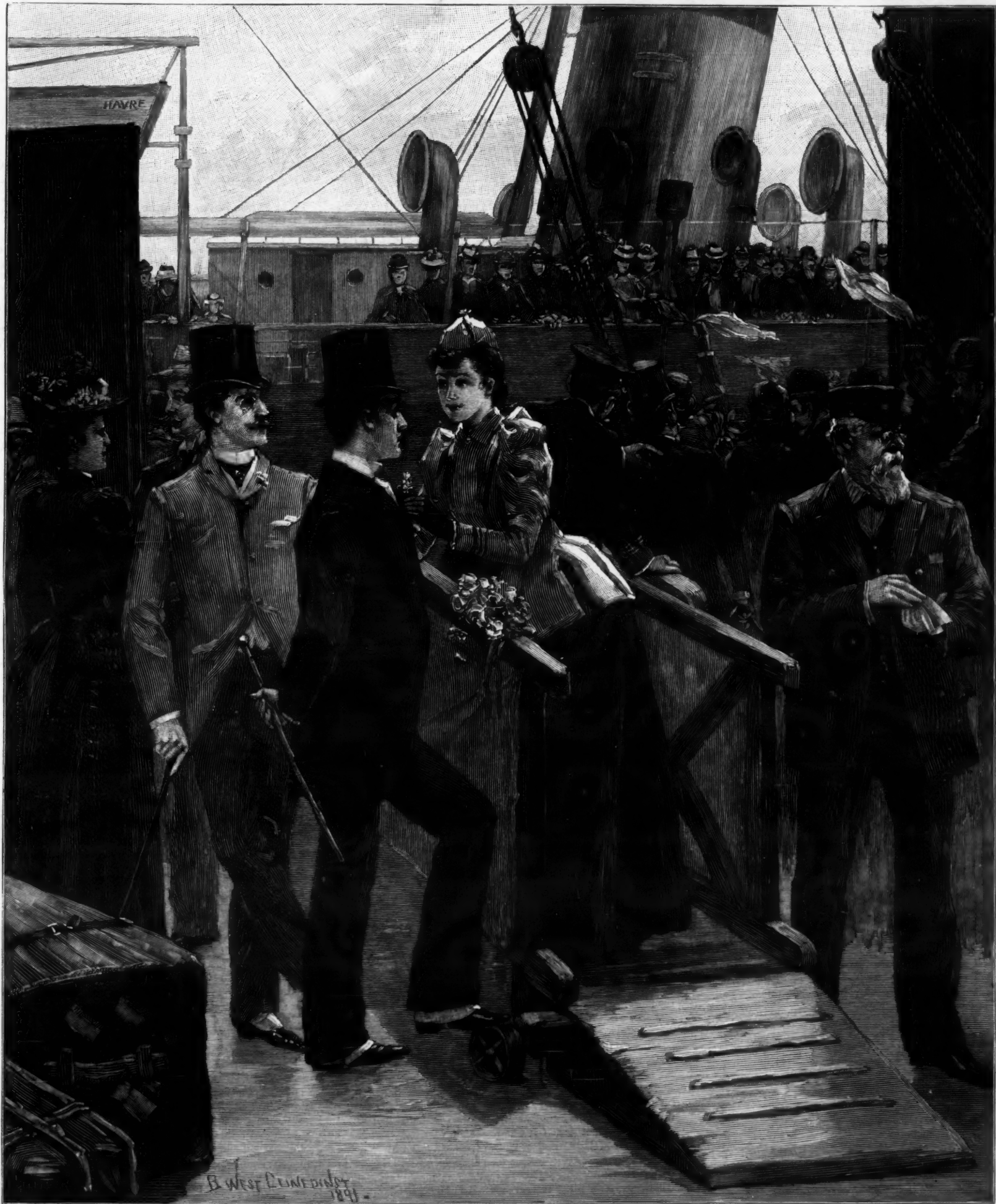
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OFF FOR EUROPE.

THE LAST BELL—"ALL ASHORE!"—DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL and RUSSELL B. HARRISON.....Publishers.
JOHN A. SLEICHER.....Editor.
BERNHARD GILLAM.....Art Department.

NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1891.

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Subscribers to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER who leave their homes in summer can have the paper sent to their summer address if they expect to remain any length of time, by writing to this office, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York, and giving the new address.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

THE reputation of Mr. Frank A. Burr, for many years connected with the Philadelphia Times, as a writer and a man with a peculiar faculty for observation, will impart special interest to his contribution to this paper on "The Destiny of Cuba." Mr. Burr, as a result of a prolonged visit to Cuba and a careful analysis of its situation and condition, comes to the conclusion that its inexorable fate is annexation to the United States. His article on this subject, which will appear as the leading editorial in next week's issue of this paper, will, we believe, create a sensation. It contains some startling facts.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST PROLONGED.

AT the suggestion of one of the leading amateur photographers of Albany, N. Y., a lady who has won prominence by the excellence of her work, and who was a successful competitor in one of our contests, we have decided to postpone the date for closing the pending Amateur Photographic Contest of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER until October 1st—one month later than has been heretofore announced.

It is said—and with truth—that the summer months are particularly available for outdoor work, and that the finishing of pictures can be done more conveniently after the summer has passed. To give contestants abundant opportunity to do the best outdoor work and also to finish their photographs, we have availed ourselves of the sensible suggestion, and will postpone the date of closing for one month.

The interest in these contests is increasing, and we have every assurance that they are helpful to the cause of photography as well as to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which was the first in the field to offer prizes for the best specimens of amateur photography.

THE MILLENNIUM: V.—WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE WHEN IT COMES.

A FULL answer to this momentous question lies well within the threshold at only the hither edge of which we stand to-day; and this threshold is not only lifted up by a great step above the ordinary plane of human history—as typified in the grand gallery of the great pyramid—but the onward vista is cut off by the gloomy clouds of the transition period now at hand.

We have the testimony of Isaiah (lxiv., 4) corroborated by St. Paul (1 Cor. ii., 9), that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." These are the millennial things, and the things beyond and above the mere earthly perfection of even that glorious era. But we have the additional testimony of St. Paul, and others of the Ollam school, that "God hath revealed them unto us by His spirit, for the spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deeper things of God." Through, then, this glass, now but darkly transparent even to the wise, let us therefore peer, but for a moment only, lest we lose our sight.

When we cut down a forest another springs into its place, but one of a nobler order. Now the trees beneath which, in our banishment from Eden, we have vainly sought to hide our nakedness, are to be leveled in the coming tornado of Jehovah's judgments, and in the midst of the cedars which shall replace them, and upon either side of the pure river which divides the royal city of "that day," aye, freely, in the midst of the very street thereof, the tree of life shall bear its seasonable fruits, and lend its leaves to heal the nations round about it.

Beneath that shade the meek shall inherit the earth, and the pure in spirit the kingdom of heaven. There the mourners shall be comforted, the merciful obtain mercy, and those who hunger and thirst after righteousness be filled. Its peacemakers shall be named anew, and the pure in heart shall see their God. Had we but taken hold upon salvation with one-seventh the faith that Nineveh accorded to an absolute stranger, not this MILLENNIUM only, but its heaven beyond, would have been ours! That

we would not is why our house is now so desolate. (Matt. xxiii., 37-39.)

As an era this age is Shiloh, named from its king. All of its years will be Sabbatic, and will be busied with good works—for it is "the rest that remaineth"—in spite of all unworthiness—unto them that lay hold thereon (Heb. iv.), and it was "made for man" (Matt. ii.) by Him who is "Lord also of the Sabbath day." Its labors will be those of gradual "restitution," and "all things," in their order, will attain therein unto their final finite stature—for God hath blessed the Sabbath, and in the coming one will see the travail of His soul and be satisfied! How greatly do those err, and how bitter will their disappointment be, who dream that such a state may be built upward from the dust, and cased downward without help from heaven.

The whole of this is typified upon the great seal of Manasseh, the very history of which has been a prophecy consummately fulfilled before our very eyes. For it has timed to date, and shall have timed unto their end, the one hundred and twenty years of "preparation" (Gen. vi., 3; 1 Peter iii., 20) assigned to the unfinished state of human effort. What we, the "sons of the Revolution," have lacked, our forefathers wrought into our heraldic blazonry * with wisdom far beyond their knowledge, and the first intimation of the millennial dawn will be the descent of the capstone—that holy city—which we builders have hitherto persistently rejected.

The first committee (Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson) charged with devising a great seal for "Young America" was appointed upon the afternoon of July 4th, 1776. From that famous Day of Declaration, step by step, throughout the several phases of its mysterious history down to its final ratification (September 15th, 1789) by the Congress of the twelve original States at their first session under the Constitution—aye, even down to the date of the first official manifestation of its reverse face (June 20th, 1882), every single date repeats itself upon "the self-same day" an hundred and twenty years later. What is past is history foreseen by prophecy and corroborated by astronomy, and what is future is to be—fact. This matter is as closely tied to every cycle under heaven, and without any accident, as is the date of the publication of this closing article upon the Millennium to the "Declaration of Independence" itself, the which foreshadowed the more "perfect" era yet to come (St. James i., 25) so well as that better "Union" whose motto, too, is "Many in one." (Rom. xii., 5.)

We now have but a brief spell left us in which to clear away the rubbish that has accumulated around the tiers already rudely reared, and the situation is certainly critical enough to put native patriotism to the blush, even were there no loftier substance to our hopes. Yet is there time enough for all the human phases yet remaining to the work, and genuine laborers are already at the task.

We have begun to set at least this house in order, for it was high time to ring the patriotic tocsin in a mansion that is a literal type of things to come, albeit fallen sadly from its first estate! Let the grand work go on, and let us brook no opposition. The commission under which I am now acting is vided with the seal of the Millennium itself, and it is dated with significance enough to rouse a sleeping land.

With full "authority," therefore, I call upon all true Americans to rally to the right, and all along the line to raise the standards of reform—of fearless reform!—and to begin everywhere at once. The men who hesitate are lost, and, though there rally but a "thin blue line," henceforth we do defy "the dragon"! Right must prevail, and that right quickly, and though the whole arena be lined with those who sit in "the seats of the scornful," it is written that they will leave these games discomfited!

The inhabitants of earth are soon to be startled by an "opening in the sky," out of which the chief, elect, and precious cornerstone of the human edifice will descend until, poised in the clouds, it hangs above the glorious mountain of the height of Israel. This is the city of that "New Jerusalem which is the mother of us all," and she will claim her children, be they of the quick or dead!

Caught upward to her courts, they alone will witness the marriage of the Lamb, whose dwelling-place is there; the while, on earth, "the foolish virgins" will be seeking oil, but buying it in vain. For the beginning of the "times of Jacob's trouble" will have synchronized with these events, and all the world will stand aghast. They will be hurrying days, the like of which no history records for terrors multiplied and shattered hopes! But God hath mercifully shortened them, lest no flesh should survive, and at their close the scattered sons of men will welcome the Millennium. (Luke xiii., 34, 35.)

The day will probably be ushered in by a period of literal Sabbath rest, for men will sorely need it, and it will be in keeping with the type. The matins past, millennial things, in earnest, will begin. The task will be to rear an edifice which shall be worthy of its capstone. No Nimrod shall direct that busy, earnest throng, nor will confusion culminate the scheme; for God Himself shall bless this effort to reach heaven, and the sure foundation shall be Rock.

At last the long-neglected tiers will have been repaired, and the building will be ready to receive its casing. It will be applied in the old Egyptian method, working downward from the summit. The pavement must thereafter be completed, and ere the morning stars of the Millennium have paled before its seven-fold sun, will the temple stand full-fashioned to receive its glorious capstone. The type, the thing typified, and the Antitype are all set duly forth in holy writ (Job xxxv., Isa. xix., Ephes. ii.), and, in the near future, will be just as literally realized as was the mezcocosm of Melchizedek at the Pleiadic dawn.

Meanwhile, all evil tendencies will be restrained, and their satanic author "bruised in the head" and "bound." Whether they will or not, the nations will be "ruled with a rod of iron," and the hand that wields it will be omnipotent. His ministers of justice will be lightning-winged, and armed with flaming swords; men once themselves, such "judges" will insure to innocence the reign of peace. In that day each soul that sinneth will immediately suffer the consequences of its own iniquity; we

shall see as we are seen, nor will there then be any refuge for a lie. That which one sows will be inevitably reap. Every vanity will be unprofitable from the start. All who "work" shall have the pleasure of their toil, and each one take his rest beneath a vine that is his own. Toward such a land who would not crusade with the King?—and count all human sacrifice a paltry thing—to see the crown upon his Saviour's brow!

In its inspired simplicity, the story of Eden, of man's fallen state, and of Messiah's future reign (which is the Millennium), has been handed down through the successive generations of our own race, in the sacred books of Israel alone. Nevertheless we find sufficient of the true wheat sown into the literature of every other people to guarantee the truth of the original "Saturian Age," and to afford an earnest of the common hope—on the Cylinders of Babylon and the Papyri of Egypt, in the Vedas, in the Zend Avesta, in the chronicles of the Celestial Kingdom, in the Sibylline books, in the Norse traditions, and even in the rude chiselings of the Incas and the Aztecs.

The record is everywhere essentially the same, and its spirit is still active; for, whatever fate has befallen these several civilizations, "the desire of all nations" has persistently survived. Perhaps the most remarkable example of its vitality is to be found among our own Indians, who, by signs alone, have literally transmitted it in silence, from wigwam to wigwam, and for unnumbered moons.

Thus, throughout all history, have the sons of Adam testified as to the earlier "Atlantean Era," and deemed it certain that the Golden Age would come again; for this was quite as much the faith of Plato, Virgil, and of Seneca, as of Milton, Bunyan, and of Bickersteth, and in every language the conviction has been clothed with all the wealth that poetry and allegory could bestow.

In particular, the Millennium will be an age best judged of, in comparison with ours, upon the principle of *vice versa*; for, if "coming events cast their shadows before," there is soon to be a *bouleversement* of a sweeping character! In the first place, God will reign, the earth rejoice, and the multitude of the isles be glad thereof.

So far as man is concerned, he will instinctively respond, for he is the image of his Maker, and the Creator will be present with him. This, and this only, will evolve "the Coming Man,"—religiously, morally, intellectually, socially, and physically. One day in such an age were better than a cycle in Cathay, yet only such as are Arcadians indeed will ever see its light and life.

During the Millennium, the supernatural will resume its natural place, for the definitions of fallen man are unnatural, and we shall see things as they are. We shall live, in fact, upon a perfect earth, and all nature will rejoice to yield unprecedented increase. Man's occupation will begin in earnest, and more than ever will he be called upon to play his own part in terrestrial affairs. But in place of discord we shall have true unity, equality, and fraternity; in lieu of politics, real statesmanship; instead of Mammon, merit.

There will be "orders" in its society, but without respect to persons, for upon its highways only true nobility will ever find a mansion, while its humblest doorkeeper will be happy and content. As for the individual, the heart will rule, the head direct, the hand and foot obey. The neighbor will be first, and self be found anew in the great brotherhood of man. Its principles will be realities, its professions be sincere, its aims honest, and its results satisfactory!

Its government will be that of an ideal commonwealth, whose surplus will be put to general use. But its philosophy will not be left to human judgment, for it will be dictated by a law more rigid than the one from Sinai, and enforced to the final letter. Nevertheless, it will be a "law of perfect liberty," because it will recognize no license. There will be no drones in the Millennium, and each member of its communes will perform the task for which his genius is best fitted. He will love his work, be worthy of his hire, and be paid upon the spot.

Engaged in such pursuits, man's genius and invention will solve every problem. Industry will redeem the desert, and commerce deck the sea. Whatever wisdom has dreamed of in ideal moments will be there. The rough ways will be smooth; the earth a paradise, and all its denizens be tame. The state will last a thousand years, yet for its joys a thousand years seems brief.

But, after all, 'tis but a preparation for a better earth, and, in his restored estate, man's circumstance will be like Adam's ere the fall;—"probationary," albeit he will be better constituted to resist temptation then, and also in "the little season" that succeeds, because of his experience and careful education.

But how shall we attain even unto this ante-chamber of heaven—the Millennium? "Many are called, but few chosen." In the trials of the coming days the human race will be more than decimated, and the incorrigible will certainly be in a hopeless case. There is but one way—genuine preparation—and the time is short! It is therefore that I voice the "MIDNIGHT CRY," and if so be it be of God it will be heard!

There are but three classes who have any chance at all: First, the quick and the dead in Christ, who will be caught away before the tribulation has begun. These will "rule" in the Millennium, but they will dwell above it in the city of their King. The second class must pass through the fire, and ere they reach the loftier state must wash their own robes in the blood of martyrdom. This will be their final, desperate chance, and it will have an opportunity that will eclipse the reign of Nero. The third and last class will survive the crisis, and upon them, thus purified, devolve the purely human phases of replenishing the earth. (Gen. vi.—ix.)

The rest of men, a fourth class, will be blotted out, nor wake again until the Sabbath day is past and gone. 'Twere best, perhaps, they woke not to that "second death," but the Eternal One hath sworn that all shall see the vindication of His might. Justice has a final controversy with all who have rejected mercy.

[Signed at Yale University, Baccalaureate Sunday, June 21st, 1891 (it being the first day of "Commencement"), at "low twelve"; the moon being "full" at midnight for the meridian of Washington, D. C., "absolute time"; it also being "summer solstice," i. e., the sun having gone "full" at mid-day on the meridian of Greenwich, England, "absolute time." Thus the "astronomical day" began with the "greater light" in the "mid-heavens" of the "universal meridian," and the "civil day" ends with the "lesser light" in the "mid-heavens" of the

* See cuts of the arms and crest of the United States of America, and reverse to the great seal, with Professor Totten's Scriptural quotations appended, on page 375.

"secondary meridian," and the interval between that "high noon," and this "low twelve," is *midnight* on the dial of the ages. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."] *W. A. Lott*

NEW YORK IN '91 AND '92.

THE New York *Sun*, an excellent type of consistent, old-fashioned Democracy, sounds a note of warning to its party in New York State. It bids its leaders remember that the solidarity of the Republican party in New York has once more been secured, and that the Democracy, if it hopes to succeed, must imitate its example and "pull itself together."

This fall's election in New York State may decide the national contest of next year. The election of a Democratic Legislature in both branches, with a Democratic Governor—in other words, a complete victory for Governor Hill—would mean more than appears upon the surface.

The *Sun* is right. The Republican party, torn by factions for over ten years, is once more at peace. Its members have fraternized. Last winter, for the first time in a dozen years, there was no factional outburst among the Republican members of the Legislature. Even the Republican circle in the Senate was undisturbed.

The Republican party of this State was never more in the mood to sacrifice every personal interest to its own welfare.

There are no longer any factional contests among the Republicans of New York. Chauncey M. Depew could, and would have had, had he been willing to accept it, the unanimous nomination for the Governorship. He declines to enter the contest. But whoever may be the nominee, whether it be Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York; George B. Sloan, of Oswego; Congressman James W. Wadsworth, of Genesee; the Hon. Andrew D. White, of Ithaca, or any of the other persons prominently mentioned, he will, from present indications, be nominated by acclamation and supported with splendid unanimity.

There is no longer a Platt faction nor a Miller faction, an administration nor an anti-administration wing of the Republican party in this State. There is a united, solid, expectant column waiting to be led to victory. All that it needs to succeed this fall is organization; and the work of organization must be begun right here in New York City, in the hot-bed and stronghold of the well-organized, well-drilled, and thoroughly disciplined Tammany Democracy.

If the Republican leaders of this city and State will take good advice they will meet at an early date, map out a campaign, and let the work be started here and by the local leaders. The State convention should be held before the middle of September; the platform should be concise and outspoken, and the campaign systematic and aggressive from the outset.

If the Republican party is to win in 1892 it should begin by winning in New York this fall, and if the campaign in this State is to be pushed to a successful conclusion the work must begin in New York City, and now.

THE GAMBLING PRINCE.

THE revelations in reference to the private life of the Prince of Wales made in the baccarat case are apparently new to a great number of the English people, though, singularly enough, on this side of the Atlantic the reputation of the Prince as a gambler and reckless person has not been a secret. The religious press in Great Britain is especially caustic in its criticism of the Prince; but it is significant that at the very time when these criticisms were being published, the Prince of Wales, with an utter indifference to public opinion, was taking himself off to the race meeting at Ascot, and no doubt enlivening the occasion by "plunging" with the book-makers.

At the recent meeting of the Methodist elders in London, at which the misdeeds of the Prince were discussed, the president of the Wesleyan conference, who presided, made the declaration that gambling permeates all classes, and that it was time the evil was confronted, else it would ruin society. A truer statement was never made, and it applies not only to England, but to society everywhere; not only where civilization exists, but also where barbarism prevails. The instincts of the lowest as well as the highest classes of mankind are naturally the instincts of the gambler. Even Christ's garments were divided "by lot."

The line between investment and speculation can scarcely be drawn, and between speculation and gambling it does not exist. The man who purchases a piece of property usually does so with an idea that the transaction is to become profitable at some future time, and he takes his chances, which are only in a lesser degree the chances that a gambler takes when he ventures his money on the turn of a wheel.

Of course it is to be said that the man who buys property buys something tangible, which has a value under any and all circumstances. But there are numbers of properties which have a real existence—such as mining stocks, low-priced railway shares, and others that might be quoted—and that represent a real value, but that can, under the pressure of business complications, become utterly worthless, just as much so as if there had never been any more value behind them than there is behind the dice-box or the baccarat-table.

We are not defending gambling. It is utterly indefensible. But we do say that, so long as human nature is what it is, so long as speculation in commodities of any kind is looked upon with favor, just so long will the gambler find a defense for his wrongdoing in the acts of others, who, upon a close analysis,

are as much dependent upon the chances of fortune as the gambler himself.

The Prince of Wales is condemned, not so much for having participated in gambling at a private house as for having set an evil example to others by so doing, and thus is condemned far more by reason of the exalted position he occupies than for the act itself. Had he been a private citizen his conduct never would have been criticised. His dignified place as the heir apparent, it is held, should make him exceedingly scrupulous at all times and in all places. As the coming sovereign by right of inheritance of a great empire, his power for good as an exemplar, a man of uprightness and honor, of Christian life and experience, would exert a most powerful influence upon the English nation. As a gambler, a visitor at the race-tracks, an associate of the *demi-monde*, and a participator in scenes of revelry, his influence, great as it is, is exerted altogether in an evil direction, and it is no doubt this fact that has led to the just and general censure of his conduct.

After all, however, in the ultimate analysis of the thing, is there not a logical argument in the case to demonstrate that there should be in this progressive age, no longer an established right for any family, whether it be of royal or of common blood, to rule the people? When royal blood produces evil fruits it offers the best and most convincing argument in favor of a republican form of government, by which the people shall choose their leaders and make the pathway of capacity and integrity the only royal road to preferment.

THAT INSURANCE SQUALL.

SIFTED down, the charges against the management of that great and prosperous insurance company—the New York Life—amount to this:

First. That through the shortcomings of the head of the Spanish agency the company has lost \$375,000. The company admits the shortage, but denies the loss. President Beers, now in Europe, is expected to give the company's explanation of the facts in detail when he arrives. It belongs to him, as head of the company, to do so. But evidence is abundantly sufficient to prove that the company ultimately will lose nothing by the present and temporary shortage in the Spanish department. That we believe to be the fact. No one denies it.

Second. It is charged that President Beers's management was arraigned by Treasurer Banta several years ago. That is so, and the trustees, after an exhaustive examination, decided that there might have been some reasons for suspicion, but that there were absolutely no grounds for charges. The fact that President Beers and Treasurer Banta have both retained their places is proof that nothing evil on the part of either was discovered.

Third. It is said that the company has sustained losses by real estate and other investments. No proofs have been presented, and this charge is not pressed with much vigor.

This is the situation, and it has been met precisely as it should and would have been met by a solvent company. The Insurance Commissioner of New York, the Hon. James F. Pierce, has been invited to make a complete and exhaustive examination of the company's affairs. His faithful deputy, Mr. Shannon, an expert of recognized ability and integrity, is already at work. His report will be that of an upright, fearless, and able examiner, and we hazard nothing when we predict that it will show that the New York Life is as sound as a dollar.

Bear in mind that the company's last report showed a surplus aggregating \$16,000,000; that nobody denies the existence of this magnificent surplus, and no one has dared to question the entire solvency of the concern!

The New York Life may have been unfortunate in some of the details of its management, but it is as safe and sound as any insurance company in the world, and will come out of the test of fire purified like true gold.

NEARING A SETTLEMENT.

THE prompt passage by the English Parliament of the Behring Sea bill will, no doubt, put an immediate end to the destruction of seals on the Pacific coast. British cruisers will take care of British fishermen, and our own Government will watch intruders from the United States.

This, of course, does not settle the Behring Sea difficulty. The settlement is left to arbitration, according to the agreement reached between the two governments. The Behring Sea bill has been passed with the understanding, by which Canada's assent to it was obtained, that the proposed scheme of arbitration should proceed, and that compensation should be paid to the owners of fishing-vessels sustaining loss through the passage of the bill by Parliament. Part of this compensation will, no doubt, have to be paid by the United States Government and part by England.

From the outset no one has believed that anything but a resort to peaceful methods would be necessary to settle the protracted dispute over the seal fisheries, and it must be conceded by the fair-minded that thus far the United States Government has lost nothing by firmly maintaining its ground and insisting on its rights.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

MINISTER PORTER's indefinite absence from his post in Italy has led to the impression that it is in retaliation for the indefinite leave of absence granted to the Italian representative at Washington. Whether this be true or not, from the diplomatic standpoint it seems eminently proper that our Government should treat Italy precisely as Italy treats us. We can hardly afford to be snubbed by Italy or any other second-rate Power. We feel sure that Minister Porter will be directed to absent himself from his post of duty just so long as Italy remains without representation at the seat of our Government.

ONE of the most interesting recent social events in Brooklyn was a reception given by a prominent family to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Miss Winnie Davis, and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson. A number of prominent guests from New York City were present, as

well as many from Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, and other places in the South. The attendance embraced representatives of many professions, clergymen, public men, and others, and it was significant of the new era of peace and good-will. It is a good thing for all of us to remember that the war is over, and at all events it was not a war against women.

THE unsavory revelations attending the recent exposure of rotten financiering in Philadelphia have involved the reputation of more than one person of high standing; but the effort by political opponents to involve the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Nettleton, in the scandal was "a dead failure." He was charged with having profited by his friendship with the Keystone Bank, and to have suggested the name of its receiver. Mr. Nettleton, with characteristic frankness, denied the allegation as soon as it was made and challenged his defamers to prove their assertions—a challenge that was not accepted.

No narrative ever written regarding explorations in Alaska rivals that which is being printed from week to week in the columns of this paper. The story of the exploits of the explorers sent out by FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER into the heart of Alaska is full of interest and information, and is already attracting general attention and many favorable comments both from domestic and foreign papers. An error occurred in last week's issue in mentioning the discoveries made by the expedition. Among other achievements, Mr. E. H. Wells mapped the Tokio River, several mountain ranges, and a remarkable pond region, while on his overland journey last summer. It was upon the Tokio that Mr. Wells had his most exciting experience.

JAY GOULD is evidently and eminently right when he says—as he does in the New York *Tribune*—that an elevated railroad is infinitely to be preferred by the traveling public to an underground road. Every American who has had any experience with the underground railroads in London, who has been choked by their smoke, stifled by their smell, and overcome by their heat, congratulates himself whenever he enters an elevated railroad train in New York that he is not obliged to descend into the bowels of the earth to find rapid transit. Yes, Mr. Gould is right. New York does not want an underground railway unless it can be an everlasting improvement upon those now in existence, and in this age of invention improvement is certainly the order of the day.

It appears that in his old age M. de Lesseps, who achieved a reputation and made a fortune by his success with the Suez Canal, is to be brought into disrepute. He and his son have been prosecuted for misleading investors into subscribing for the Panama Canal venture. It is also said that M. de Lesseps is not entitled to the credit of the success of the Suez Canal, that he is not an engineer at all, and that he succeeded in the Suez undertaking by reason of his diplomacy as a former consul-general in Egypt and his ability in employing good engineers. Furthermore, it is said that, had he retained Mr. Wyse, who obtained the original concession for the Panama Canal from the Colombian Government, as the engineer of that lamentable project, it might have been crowned with success. At all events, Lesseps's last days will probably be his saddest.

THE fame of some of the social clubs of the United States with which newspaper men are prominently concerned is national. The Quaint Club of New York, the Clover Club of Philadelphia, the Gridiron Club of Washington, and the White-chapel Club of Chicago, all share in the honors. And now the last-named city comes forward with a new organization, which, no doubt, will rival in pure, unadulterated quaintness all the old ones. It is called the Goodfellowship Club, and Mr. James W. Scott, the solid and serene editor of the Chicago *Herald*, is its president. He signaled his promotion recently by sending for the Clover Club of Philadelphia, bringing its members in a special train to Chicago, entertaining them in the most sumptuous manner, and sending them home after several days' enjoyment—all at his own expense. Great Chicago and great Scott!

THE New York *Herald* recently congratulated itself and its readers on the possession of a new Hoe press that would print and fold 90,000 four-page *Heralds* in an hour. The *Herald* is proud of its new possession, but it is not alone in the advancement of journalism in this State. Many of its contemporaries in the interior have recently given evidences of deserved prosperity. The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, for instance, has added to its plant a Hoe press which prints 24,000 papers hourly. The Syracuse *Journal* has come out of its fiery ordeal in handsome form, and is a paper new in everything except its admirable management. The Albany *Evening Journal* and the Troy *Press* have both been equipped with new typesetting machines of the lineotype style, and are demonstrating the practical success of Mergenthaler's great invention. All over the State newspapers managed with ability, and backed by enterprising constituencies, are giving evidence of progress.

THE death of Father Curci, the distinguished Italian ecclesiastic, occurred recently at Rome. He was one of the most eloquent, erudite, and noted Jesuit preachers. He had the honor, on three different occasions, of preaching the Lenten sermon before the Chapter of San Pietro in Vaticana, where the Pope himself occasionally is found as a private listener. His sermons in Florence on the Four Gospels embraced allusions to the temporal power of the Pope that displeased his superiors and he was expelled from the Society of Jesus in 1877. The following year he wrote a letter of submission to Pope Leo XIII. and went to Rome, but was refused a private audience until he had written a fresh retraction. This strained relation continued for some years, but Father Curci devoted himself in his retirement to a translation of the Old Testament and to the publication of other works, which ultimately received the sanction of his superiors. He was a man of splendid intellect and a power in the Roman church.



THE "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" EXPEDITION TO ALASKA.—TRADING-POST INDIANS AT FORTY-MILE CREEK, B. C.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

REPRODUCING A BIT OF VENICE.

THE Casino which the managers of the Columbian Exposition propose to erect, and of which, as designed, we give a picture, will occupy a site on Lake Michigan, about one thousand feet from the shore, with which it will be connected by a pier built on piles. It will no doubt be a prominent attraction and useful object lesson of the fair. The area covered by the building will be 180 x 400 feet.

The Casino itself will consist of nine pavilions, with a central pavilion in the shape of a *campanile*. Each of these pavilions will be two stories high, and will be connected by bridges at each story. The minor canals between the walls of these pavilions will be only eighteen feet wide, but the larger ones will be thirty feet wide, and the Grand Canal—or the passage-way about the base of the *campanile*—will be forty feet wide. Boats and gondolas will ply upon these waters for the pleasure and convenience of visitors. The central pavilion will be one hundred and thirty feet in height, and will have communication with the

surrounding pavilions, which will be eighty feet above the surface of the water, by means of arched bridges. The pavilions will be built of wood and highly ornamented in colors.

In front of the Casino, looking shoreward, will be a little harbor formed by the pier, with a breakwater on the north side. The pier will serve as a promenade. It will be eighty feet wide, and will be decorated with flags, electric lights, and other ornamentations. Around the central pavilion will extend a gallery, or observatory, at a height of forty feet above the water. The east front of the galleries will overlook the main lagoon and avenue. About the approach to the pier will be thirteen columns representing the original thirteen States of the Union. There will be other attractive adjuncts which will add to the picturesqueness of these buildings and to the charming views which may be had from their elevations.

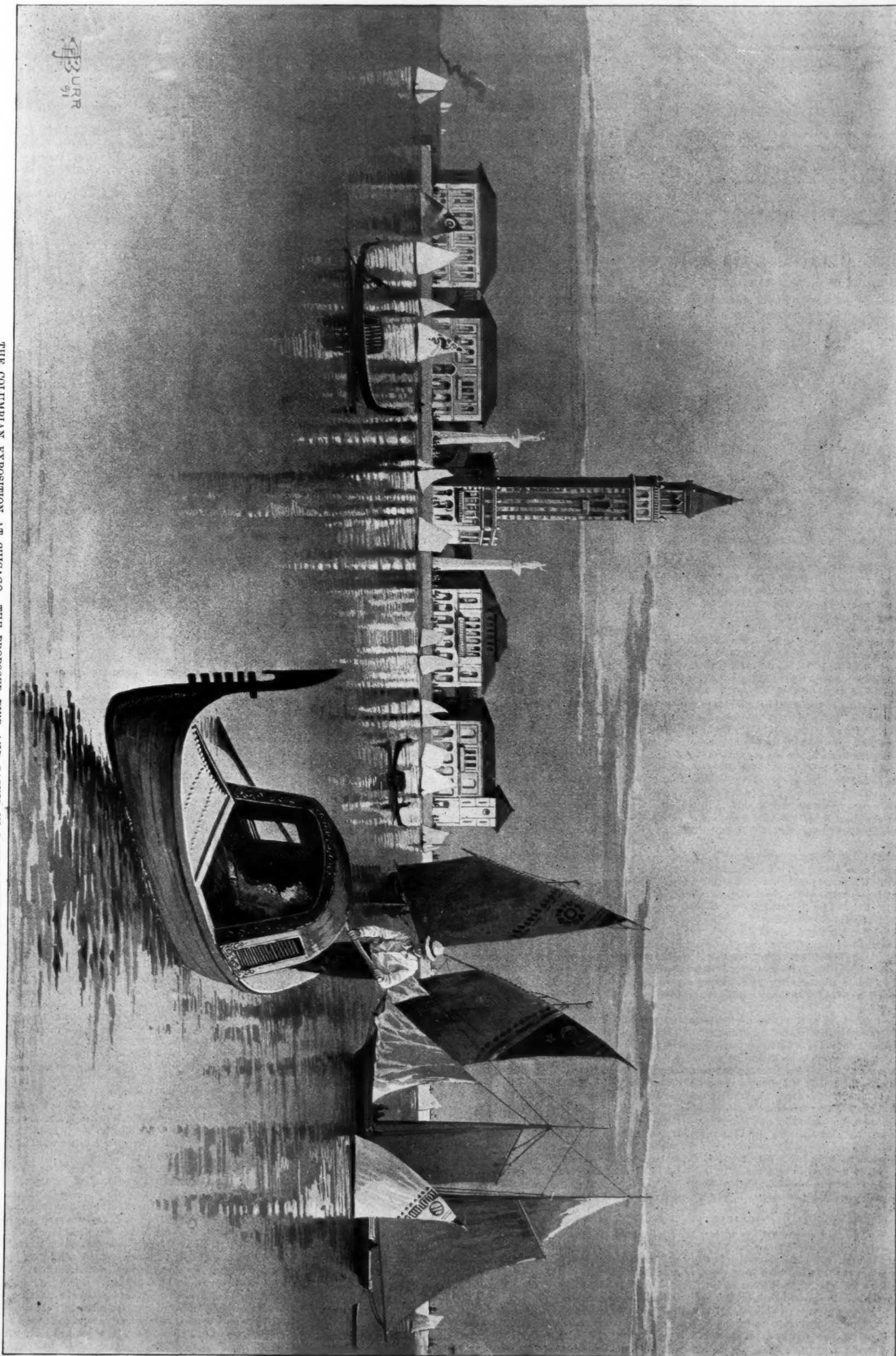
If the visitors to the great exposition do not find a bit of Venice reproduced for their inspection and enjoyment it will not be the fault of the managers who are arranging the details of the show.

THE EXODUS EUROPEWARD.

THE exodus to Europe is now at its height. Every outgoing steamer from this port is crowded to its utmost capacity with passengers. This tide of Europe-bound tourists is very largely made up of people of the middle classes, so called, more and more of whom are coming every year to spend their brief vacations abroad instead of visiting our home resorts. There is no doubt that a vast educational benefit is derived from this growing popularity of foreign "outings." Mr. Clinedinst's picture on the front page gives us a vivid idea of the moment of departure of one of our "greyhounds of the sea." The last bell has sounded, the proclamation "All ashore" has rung through the ship, and the friends of the outgoing tourists, saying their last good-byes, hurry over the sides to await the moment of actual departure. There is something infectious in such a scene; it begets in the stay-at-homes an intense desire themselves to join the more fortunate ones who are setting out on their explorations of the other side of the world.



THE RAFT "CITY OF CHICAGO," ON WHICH THE "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" EXPEDITION EXPLORED LAKE ARKELL AND THE TAHK-HEENA, AND THEN TRAVELED FIVE HUNDRED MILES DOWN THE YUKON RIVER TO SURVEYOR McGRATH'S CAMP, NEAR BELLE ISLE.—[SEE PAGE 378.]



THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.—THE PROPOSED PIER AND CASINO IN LAKE MICHIGAN.—DRAWN BY BUTR.

THE WIND TO THE WHITE ROSE.

LOW murmurs the wind in this vernal hour,
The voice of the wind to the heart of the flower:

"I wander afar o'er wave and lea,
And numberless blossoms unfold for me,

"Vivid in color or wan and frail,
From scarlet poppy to bridal veil.

"Yet every summer, o'er land and sea,
I fly, white rose of the south, to thee!

"Long have I wooed thee, with passion's pain,
Through dancing sunbeam and sobbing rain,

"Though pouting petal and willful thorn
Render sweet hope but a thing forlorn,

"And the cloistral calm of your virgin breast
Has filled my heart with a wild unrest!"

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

THE YELLOW BALL-GOWN.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS.



PEAKING of circumstantial evidence, my dear fellow, let me tell you a curious little instance in my own life. It begins with my wedding day, which was on May 1st, 1888, you remember, and it ends just a year ago to-night. Let me pour you out a drop more of this claret-cup. No? Very well, then, at least take a fresh cigar. There, I will put on one more lump of Liverpool and then to my story.

You know that I married Julie Trowe, of course, the sweetest, prettiest, brightest little woman who ever breathed, and that she

made the loveliest bride the sun ever shone upon; her *trousseau*—well, upon my soul, I am not much even now on a woman's garments—but she had the prettiest lot of "things," I believe they call them, that were ever made, and among them was a certain yellow ball-gown. You remember it? Is it possible? A filmy, sheeny sort of an affair, over satin, with great trailing wreaths of golden-rod trimming—isn't that what they call it?—trimming the corsage and the train, and doing duty for shoulder-straps or sleeves, or whatever they are.

I tell you, old fellow, when Julie came down one night, after we got home from our wedding tour, into this very little cozy library of ours at number — Avenue, with that gown on, ready to go to one of the Assembly balls, I fairly jumped to my feet with astonishment at her beauty.

I caught sight of her first in the mirror yonder—a perfect vision, a kind of golden glory of womanhood, with her amber hair all piled on top of her stately little head; those topazes I had given her—you were with me when I bought them, weren't you, during the first week of our engagement?—and her hands and arms encircled in loose, wrinkled gloves of a fainter hue than the gown. My dear sir, she was not, as those artist fellows say, "a symphony in yellow," but a perfect *Gloria* in gold!

I knew that my bride was a lovely girl, but I had not thought she could be so strikingly queenly and so originally unique, without the least touch of questionable dash in her appearance.

"Julie," I said, putting my arms around her, "you look like some angel come floating down from Paradise on a yellow sunset cloud. Where did you get the idea of this gown? It is a daring thing—a yellow-haired girl done up to match."

She laughed, and put her two soft arms about my throat in a quaint little fashion of her own.

"Why, Tom, you stupid fellow," she cried; "where did I get the idea from? Indeed, from myself, to be sure! I thought, see, if a yellow girl had been so fortunate"—and here the witch made a most sarcastic little grimace—"as to capture the Honorable Tom Marfie, Member of Congress, perhaps a continuation and expansion of the yellow theory might not prove unsuccessful. See?"

Julie laughed her own musical, ringing laugh as I pressed her still more closely to me in my assurance that I had not in my life seen a woman so beautiful, so entrancing, so captivating as my own little woman in her yellow ball-gown.

We presently left for the Assembly, and you perhaps recall the sensation she made. Ah! true, I remember, you were East, but you heard of it when you got back. Of course you did.

I shall never forget the impression she created as she entered that big, brilliant room, leaning a little languidly as to the touch of her arm on mine, but with her head so proudly, royally posed.

Every one fell down before her. Even old General Beatty, who growls at the mention of a woman's name, actually asked my darling to dance a quadrille with him—fact. And she did it, too, smiling up at old seventy as if, 'pon my honor! it had been myself.

As we drove home I tried to tell her how vain and proud I had been of her, and all she did was to bury her face on my shoulder and whisper, with a little amused laugh:

"Oh, Tom! it was nothing—nothing in this world but my yellow ball-gown. If I had worn blue or pink or green no one would have taken the slightest notice of Mrs. Tom Marfie, but because she had the aplomb to imitate nature in the color of her hair, and get on a gown to match instead of to contrast with it, she has made what society calls a sensation."

"I should think she had, by Jove!" I replied.

Well, as the season wore on it was curious, but whenever that girl wore that gown she made the most stirring success,—not that she wasn't admired in blues and greens and reds, you understand, but somehow or other, whenever that yellow gown

was on she simply created wild havoc, and it got to be so that whenever I was anxious to have her make herself specially agreeable to any public man of my acquaintance of my own party—or the other side, either—I used to beg her to wear it.

It was a thorough mascotte, and gradually Julie got to believe in it as much as I.

Why, my dear boy, do you know that Senator Manley would never have cast his vote for that iron tariff bill had it not been for that yellow ball-gown? Never! That settled the question, sir. Julie had it on when she asked him to vote for it.

I suppose you think I am a fool.

Julie used to call me a dear, stupid goose whenever I begged her to wear it, and often added:

"Well, I must say, Mr. Tom Marfie, you are anything but complimentary to your wife's fascinations if you think a wretched yellow dress can so overtop them."

And I answered:

"But it is only because my wife wears it that it is so powerful."

And she would laugh and let me kiss her hands—she has such pretty little hands, you know.

Finally, when the season was pretty well over, and we were thinking of getting ready to go to Cresson, I came home one day and found Mrs. Tom Marfie "putting up her winter things," as she expressed it, with the assistance of her maid. I espied my mascotte flung carelessly upon the floor among a pile of other rumbled articles.

"Julie," I said, under my breath, "I want you to promise me something. Will you, dear?"

"What is it?" she answered, roguishly, leading me into the adjoining room.

"Promise me," I said, with a feeling of almost unconscious solemnity, which for the life of me I could not have helped, "that you will never give away or destroy or part with that yellow ball-gown of yours. Will you, dear one?"

First she laughed as she linked her arms through mine, and then a sweet, tender look crept into her eyes.

"Very well, Tom," she said; "I promise. And when we are old, when you get to be a Cabinet Minister or ambassador to the Court of St. James, or some other mighty thing, I'll lead you up to a wardrobe and show you the dear old faded yellow ball-gown hanging on its peg. Yes; I promise."

And I knew she would keep it.

Time went on. We went to Cresson for the months of July and August. I forget now where we spent September, but, as you know, in the early autumn I was obliged to go to New York, and you may be sure I never had a thought of spending a winter in the big city without Julie.

I took a little box of a house on East Forty-fifth Street, furnished completely, and in we moved October 1st.

I can see Julie now, a few days after we were once safely ensconced: she was lying on a lounge in the back drawing-room, when suddenly a gleam of sunshine on her fallen hair—she was tired from unpacking, poor child—made me think of my mascotte.

"Julie!" I cried, in a curious sort of apprehension that actually made me laugh at myself, "you haven't left the yellow ball-gown at home, have you, or—"

"Oh, you dear old goose of a boy—no, of course I haven't. Didn't I promise you," she added, reproachfully, "never to be parted from it? I told Saunders to see it safely packed, and to hang it in the guest-room pantry. She is to be trusted implicitly. You see," cried my little wife, "the fortunes of the house of Marfie are still safe!"

Unconsciously I let fall a sigh of relief. I knew Saunders of old; she had been Julie's maid since her childhood, and was reliable, if at times self-opinionated, as old servants are apt to be.

Well, old fellow, the election was coming on, and I was dashing back and forth between my county seat, New York, and Washington, all the time. You know the wild anxiety and fatigue and fascination of it all. Julie naturally could not accompany me always, although I insisted upon having her the most of the time. I couldn't do without her.

Once, however, I was obliged to go on to Harrisburg, and the child protested that she could not go with me; that she had too much spring work and spring shopping to attend to. I gave in, promising myself that I would finish my business summarily and be back with her by May-day surely.

"You won't fail, Tom," she said, as she stood in the hall while the cab waited at the door.

"Nothing shall keep me, Julie," I replied, as I broke from her and started on my dreary journey.

But I had counted, at least so it seemed, without my host, and not only did everything go wrong, but presently I had to write my little girl that I would not be with her at the promised time.

All my affairs went at sixes and sevens. I was nearly beside myself, feeling sure that the bills in which I was so deeply interested would not pass, and that much of the future I had planned would, in consequence, go to pieces.

When, lo and behold!—and how I blessed that yellow ball-gown, for I had written to Julie to go up-stairs and take a peep at it—things turned around as squarely as possible, and I started for New York, being due at the foot of Desbrosses Street at a quarter before ten on the night of April 30th, 1889.

The train was on time, and I jumped into a cab, bidding the driver go like thunder and earn a double tip.

He did.

And all the while we rattled up Broadway I was thinking over and planning the joy, the surprise, of seeing me unexpectedly would give her. No; I had not had time to write, and had refrained from telegraphing on purpose to have—I am a selfish brute, you know—the bliss of watching the new-born gladness waken in my darling's eyes when she should behold me.

Suddenly the cab, in the very midst of its maddest plunge around a corner, came to a dead standstill. I glanced hastily out of the window to find myself involved in a perfect labyrinth of vehicles of all kinds, amid which several policemen were endeavoring to create something like the order of precedence and procession.

"What the devil!" I exclaimed, pushing open the window and so discovering mine one of a hundred carriages in Fifteenth

Street, all slowly but surely tending to and struggling toward the Academy of Music.

"What in thunder!" I cried, touching my Jehu's arm I fear anything but gently, "are you doing here, may I ask?"

"Sure'n didn't yer honor tell me to drive yez to 109 East Fifteenth Street?"

"No, I didn't!" I responded emphatically. "I told you 109 East Forty-fifth Street. You are an infernal idiot! I'd like to know how soon I can get out of this."

"Keep cool, sir, keep cool!" argued a policeman. "Plenty of time for young fellers to be waltzin' between now and mornin'. You'll get there soon, sir, all in your turn."

I looked out once more in despair. It was worse than impossible to attempt to alight and get another cab; there was no way of forcing my vehicle out of this procession. Clearly there was but one thing to do, and that was to sit still.

My dear fellow, I sat, but I did not sit still. I twitched and turned this way and that; I used bad words; I panted and fumed, and at last, as the horses began to stamp a bit and the wheels to move at a snail's pace, I glanced out to see what the prospect of release might be.

As I put my face to the window-pane I saw in a flash that another coach was drawn up close to mine. Within it sat a woman—dressed—oh, old fellow! my very heart stood still within me, my breath came and went gasping like a dying man's—she was dressed in the mascotte—the yellow ball-gown.

It was Julie.

I tried to see her face, but it was hidden by the folds of a black mantle or shawl, or something.

"What," I cried to myself, "can she be doing here, and alone, and evidently bent upon entering this public ball-room?"

The wheels turned faster now, and my cab was soon separated from and behind hers. My distracted eyes caught sight, presently, of the flaming red-and-blue posters before the Academy doors, announcing that this was the night of one of the famous masquerade balls that are annually given there.

I sat stunned, dazed! I could not move, or even think connectedly. I had but one impulse: it was to follow, to keep near, to protect her—to win her back to her home, if I could, without arousing a disturbance or a commotion.

Her carriage drew up before the curb, the door was opened, and she sprang lightly out, the train of her gown with its garlands of golden-rod tossed up over her bare white arm; the lace shawl fell back from her face—it was masked—and she passed in among the throng alone.

I sprang from the cab, paid the man I know not what—nor he either, I fancy, in his astonishment at my change of base—and made for the ticket-office, bought a ticket, and—old boy, money'll do most anything;—of course I wasn't in evening-dress or anything like it, but a five-dollar bill to the door-keeper gained me an instant admission.

How I rushed up those stairs, left my overcoat and hat and satchel in the coat-room, and then took up my station in the corridor and kept my eyes fixed upon the entrances to the ladies' dressing-room.

I had not long to wait.

Not ten minutes after I took up my position she came out, and apparently was looking for some one who was not up to time—or, the thought came to me—could it be that the man she awaited, knowing me at least by sight, and seeing me there unexpectedly, feared to show himself?

I kept out of her way.

Why?

Because I loved her, and I had the most infinite compassion for her; and even in my agony of shame and pain I wanted to spare her any outburst or humiliation in such a place as that.

But I kept her in sight, although I never let her see me.

She descended the stairs alone. I followed her at a little distance, and as she swept down before me I had time to note my mascotte—the fatal yellow ball-gown. Julie had freshened the frills and flounces of the skirt, and the great trails of golden-rod looked as natural as ever. A spray of the flowers, too, she had fastened in her bonny hair, and the contrast of all this vivid, sunny color with the black satin of her mask marked her at once as conspicuous—in fact, that gown could never go unremarked anywhere.

I recall that I marveled a little in a dazed way that she should have chosen to wear that dress, but in a moment more I had other thoughts than this.

She passed into the great gulf of the ball-room. I followed more nearly now, for the press and surge of the throng was dense within the confines of the glittering, gaudy scene. I raised my eyes for an instant to survey the great circle and my gaze fell upon the word above the proscenium arch—it was written in electric light: "Welcome!"

Just heaven! a "welcome" here—now; the clock pointed to ten minutes to twelve. I shuddered. I staggered and caught myself in time to lean against one of the fluted columns twined with roses as I watched a man approach my darling.

It was no one whom I had ever seen,—not a bad-looking fellow as to get-up and general appearance, but with, it seemed to me, a sinister face, and the complacent air with which he threw his arm about my wife's waist and drew her into the whirl of the dancers on the floor maddened me.

Old fellow, I believe I knew what the tortures of hades were during the next half-hour, and heaven alone can tell the tumult of impulses and passions which swayed my soul as I stood there a looker-on in this horrible Gehenna. At one moment my mind was made up to rush out and seize her in my arms and carry her away bodily; at another, to strike to the earth the man in whose embrace she leaned so confidently—and then, thank heaven! a calmer mood succeeded, and I determined to bide my time.

It was not long by clocks and watches, although to me it seemed an eternity, when I beheld them sauntering slowly, his tall dark head bent low above her, out into one of the lobbies. I followed; a more animated conversation succeeded; she laughed behind her mask; the bells rang sweetly from some neighboring church-tower, and he took out his watch and said: "It's midnight, dear!"

Then she laughed again, and I drew nearer, spellbound as I heard her whisper:

"What will mother say? I must hurry; she would never

forgive me. She thinks I am at Cousin —'s"—and here I lost the thread, as I was compelled by the crowd to make way.

In a few brief moments they both ran hastily up the broad staircase. I followed at a safe distance, and in a short time each emerged from the cloak-room with their wraps on.

I stood aside with bated breath to let them pass, and then with a spring I rushed down after them, out into the night.

She entered the first carriage in line, and stooping to press a kiss upon her gloved hand, he shut the door with a snap, and the horses at the sound started off quickly, leaving us both standing on the sidewalk.

He turned back to the ball with a sigh. I jumped into the next coach, and giving the man the address, bade him drive for dear life.

She had a good ten minutes' start of me, but the man drove like the wind, and in what seemed no time at all I was at my own doorstep.

There was not a light in a single window. I put my night-key in the latch, and then withdrew it. Should I give her warning and ring the bell? No; I unlocked the door, went in, stumbled up the stairs in the darkness, and presently stood at the door of her room. I listened; there was not a sound. I tapped; silence was the only response. Could she not have returned! The mad thought was no sooner on fire in my brain than I knocked loudly and tried the knob. It was locked, but she answered on the spot in a terrified voice:

"Who is it? What is the matter? Who is there?"

"I, Tom," I replied, my voice shaking with a hundred emotions.

"Oh!" I heard the joy in her voice as she sprang up, struck a match, and came and unbolted the door.

"Tom, my own boy!" she cried, twining her two arms about my neck. "what a surprise; but do you know you nearly frightened the life quite out of me?"

I caught up a shawl and threw it about her, as I glanced eagerly around the room for signs of the yellow ball-gown. She had been cunning—crafty; had thought of her servants' quick eyes, perhaps. Not a trace of her late escapade lay anywhere in sight.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed, as I passed roughly by her and fell into a seat panting and livid.

"The matter?" I repeated, my voice husky with the strain upon me. "Where is that damnable yellow ball-gown of yours?"

"Oh, Tom!" Julie sank upon her knees beside me as she spoke.

"Oh, Tom! forgive me, it was not my fault; indeed, indeed it was not. Do believe me, won't you?"

"Believe you!" I cried, flinging her from me impetuously.

"I'd rather believe my own eyes. Where is it, I say?"

"I don't know—indeed I don't, Tom!"

"You don't know!" I sneered in my fury, catching her by the wrists and holding her as if in a vise. "Isn't it right here somewhere—in this room—hidden away?"

"No, no!" she cried in a terrified tone; "it is not. I only wish it were. Tom, what is the matter with you? Let go of me—you hurt me; you are rude and unkind!" She wrested herself resolutely from my grasp as she spoke, and stood in the full flare of the chandelier, a flush of amazement and fright on her face.

"I want to see that mascotte of mine," I exclaimed hotly, and with no abatement of my satirical emphasis, as I began to open the closet doors and to peer into the wardrobes.

"Tom!" my little wife spoke with dignity as she looked at me.

"What is it?" I asked in a dogged way.

"I want to tell you all about it, if you'll listen quietly to me."

"Go on," I responded brutally, standing still with my hand on a door-knob.

"I never knew anything about it until to-day; I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Indeed!" and my lip curled incredulously.

"The mystery to me is how you knew it—you must have felt it—that ball-gown was a witch, I do believe!"

"A witch wore it," I said, cruelly.

"But, Tom, I'll bear all you unkindness because I know you'll forgive me in the end."

"Don't be too sure of that."

"And I know you did think so much of it—I did myself—and when that stupid woman Saunders confessed to me to-day that she had sold it to the old-clothes woman with all the rest of my discarded things, I really believe I could have murdered her—oh, Tom, what is the matter now?"

I dashed across the room and caught her to my heart. I laughed wildly, the tears came into my eyes, old fellow; yes, they did, as I rained the eager kisses down upon her sweet, innocent lips.

"I knew you'd forgive me, dear," she whispered; "and really you must forgive poor Saunders, too—she misunderstood me about it; and, after all, I dare say it may have made some poor thing presentable at one of those public balls, or something, where the shop-girls go in hired dresses and second-hand finery."

"Very likely," I answered with a terrible sigh of repressed contrition.

She kissed my forehead.

"Look," she said, pointing to the windows where the first faint gleams of daylight were creeping in—"look, it's our May morning, isn't it?"

"Yes, my darling girl; heaven knows you have given me the happiness of my life on this first anniversary of our wedding."

"And you do forgive me, and you don't feel too badly about the loss of the yellow ball-gown?"

Her eyes were lifted in loving appeal.

"Forgive you! There is nothing to forgive. I'll buy you another yellow ball-gown before you are a week older; but, Julie, it never can be the mascotte to me that the old one was!"

"I suppose not," she said, a little ruefully.

Did I ever tell her? Well, not yet—stay, I fear I have, too; for there comes the little woman now, from her hiding behind those curtains! She must have heard it all—yes, we are going to the Adairs' dance; and, by the way, how do you like Mrs. Marlie in her second edition of "the yellow ball-gown"?

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them when their wishes are clearly specified.]

THE very "versatile" weather we have been subjected to of late rather brought matters of dress to a standstill, while the woman who had not yet her summer outfit in readiness could sally forth with an air of satisfaction in gossamer and galoches. Perhaps the possessor of a dress made of the new rainbow *crêpe* may regard herself as a herald of fine weather. This dainty material is a novelty indeed, and is produced in multitudinous hues. One very lovely specimen has mauve, green, and copper blended into a harmony on a fickle-colored ground. At the present time the styles are so pretty and varied that if any woman dresses in an unsuitable manner she has only herself to blame. Materials include the daintiest of cambrics and zephyrs, the erstwhile old-fashioned organdie muslins—which are being gradually resurrected—softly falling lawns, and pongees and foulards, these last two perhaps ranking highest among fashionable materials, and serges and beiges. The lawns and organdies range in price from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a yard, and are made up generally with shirred bodices and full skirts, and a profusion of lace and ribbons. There is a pretty new zephyr *crêpe*, which is very effective, with delicate sprays on pale-colored grounds, and is sold for fifty cents a yard.

There is just now really no radical change in the make of dresses to be chronicled, but the rumor, which reached us some while ago, is now becoming widespread, to the effect that full skirts short enough to display the ankles are to be the next innovation—a mode which, if adopted, points with all certainty to the revival of that undesirable and ungainly object of attire, the crinoline. And, impossible as it seems to imagine this being worn by the trim, tailor-made girl of to-day, we all know that when the leaders lead, we, like a flock of sheep, unhesitatingly follow.

The new lace capes are handsome indeed. One in black lace falls in accordion pleatings from the throat, where it is finished with a collar of lace over cornflower blue silk, and tied with a bow of the same colored ribbon.

Another is of deep twine-colored lace in rather a heavy make, cut plainly, reaching far below the waist, the lace being lined throughout with a lovely shade of heliotrope silk. The deep, turn-down collar is of heliotrope velvet edged with narrow silver galloon. Prettiest of all is one of palest old-rose *crêpe de chine*, on a foundation of the same colored silk, and falling in close pleatings from a yoke of velvet a shade of so darker, embroidered in gold and silver threads and deep pink cut beads. This wrap accompanies a dress of

rose-pink cashmere embroidered to match, and there is a hat of the same colored straw, turned up at the back and kept in place by a jeweled dagger, and trimmed with a cluster of roses ranging from cream through various tones of pink. The effect is excellent.

If we have in our midst a poet who will confess himself ready to "write a sonnet on a skirt as Laureate of Frills," the new petticoats are such dreams of loveliness as to arrest his admiration and inspire his muse. The novelty in the lately discarded white skirt, which shall once more regain its former position, gradually ousting the silken, much-befrilled usurper, has three equal flounces from waist to hem, edged with lace. It is made of the finest lawn, and other pretty specimens of the same fabric are trimmed with the new wire lace with an effective ribbon design. A summer substitute for the short flannel petticoat is of white surah, lined with *crêpon*. Of course there are fashions in underclothing as well as in costumes, and the Empire influence which has pervaded our gowns is to be recognized in underwear also. A new and simple dressing-gown for summer wear is made of pink foulard spotted with black, gathered slightly at the shoulders upon a cool lining of white China silk. A sash of the material is threaded through a girdle made of rings of pink and black passementerie, and tied in front. Full sleeves are gathered at the wrists to passementerie cuffs.

The novel and stylish costume illustrated this week is made of gray bengaline; the skirt is plain and edged with graduated jet *cabochons*, while the wide sash, which is similarly trimmed, ties in a big bow at the back.

Capotes of tulle and *crêpe*, with gold or jet, are sometimes trimmed with little humming-birds in front, nestled in rose-leaves. These are worn effectively with concert and dinner robes.

ELLA STARR.



A COSTUME OF GRAY BENGALINE.

WALL STREET.—STILL DOUBTING.

IN spite of the culmination of the long-protracted settlement of the Chicago Gas Company's difficulties with Chicago; the declaration of the regular quarterly one per cent. dividend on the Missouri Pacific; the ease of money and the excellence of the bank statements, the market drags. It drags because of the doubt and uncertainty that exists.

The depression is most severely felt everywhere in the world in speculative markets. Crop reports here promise great things. Still the market hangs fire, and there are many who believe that we are more likely to send gold abroad in the next sixty days than to receive it back—in other words, that the gold shipments represent money invested by Englishmen, Scotchmen, and others in this country, who, fearing a premium on gold in the United States consequent upon free silver coinage, are withdrawing their deposits, forgetting that so long as they can realize twice as much on their money here as they can abroad they are foolish to be intimidated by the silver spectre.

There are signs that justify my prediction of a rise in silver. I notice that the Director of the Mint, Mr. Leech, a very able statistician and a careful observer, thinks we are on the eve of another upward movement in the white metal. I think so, too; yet I dare not advise the purchase of silver for speculative purposes with such a dragging market.

"E. L. M." writes from Atlanta, Ga., to "Jasper," for information regarding a book giving the ways of Wall Street. Let him seek any prominent book-seller in his city, and he will obtain the volume for him without difficulty. If he cannot get it, let him write to me.

"E. H. C." of Royersford, Pa., asks "Jasper" to give him some information regarding the Georgia-Alabama Investment and Development Company at \$3.50 per share. I have heretofore stated, in answer to similar inquiries, that the managers and directors of this company are men of prominence, wealth, and influence, and I would advise my correspondent to communicate directly with them.

"D. F. F." of Virginia City, Nevada, asks "Jasper" to tell him regarding the reliability of an association "organized in New York, known as the American Investment Union." My correspondent should give me further facts to enable me to make an investigation. I treat in this column only of securities that seek a sale on Wall Street, and obviously cannot obtain accurate information of every financial scheme that may be set under way. Consult a commercial agency about these for prompt advices.

A Chicago correspondent writes me in reference to St. Paul and wants to know if I have information that the Vanderbilts are interested, or to be interested, in that property. One of the most prominent owners of St. Paul tells me that the Vanderbilts have nothing to do with the stock, and that it is going up on the prospects of good crops. I am told, however, that there is a pool in the stock, which has lifted it up and made a generous profit. If this is so, when the pool gets ready to unload (if it has not already unloaded) something may drop.

The future market depends upon conflicting interests, but the control lies largely in the hands of a few strong men, who realize that their holdings and the holdings of others in stocks are very large, and that more is to be made by a rise than a decline. These gentlemen have, to a large degree, succeeded in keeping up the strength of the market by manipulating loans and deposits in such a way as to make the bank statement appear to be good in the face of heavy gold shipments. It is safe to say that if the bank statement had been very bad during the past two or three weeks there would have been a general decline in stocks, and that was why it was made to appear good.

My best advice to customers is to be very careful what they buy, and to buy nothing on margins. Buy good investment securities of the highest grade and bonds. The commercial investments that I have mentioned heretofore, the eight per cent. preferred stocks of the Thurber, Whyland Company, the Claffin Company, and the Trow Company, and others that are quite as good, all offer inducements to those who seek investment, and with less risk, considering the rates of interest offered, than many stocks that pay lower dividends.

For myself, if I were an investor, I should be inclined never again, after such an experience, to touch a share of Rock Island so long as its present management were continued. It amazes me, in view of the scandal that rumor attaches to the manipulators of this stock, that the innocent stockholders do not come together, secure the ablest counsel, and make a fight for their rights and for a change in the management. If they would only do this the cost would be but little and the victory would be a great one.

There is considerable excitement in Laclede Gas, and a change of management is threatened. It is said that it is overloaded with stocks and bonds. Still, there are bull points on the stock on Wall Street—the same points that I have heard for the last six months.

Chicago Gas is earning its dividends right along. The longer they remain unpaid, the larger they will be when it is decided to renew their payment. There has been some speculation in its securities, but there is this about it, namely, that it is a good property, largely capitalized, but well able, if conservatively run, to pay from four to six per cent. on its stock. But let the gamblers take their hands off.

The ease of money everywhere signifies the general doubt that prevails—the loss of confidence, which means a loss of credit. While the present situation exists, bonds and dividend-paying stocks of excellent repute (though, perhaps, not gilt-edged) continue to drop lower and lower, but find no market. Just as soon as this situation of doubt is removed and money begins to seek investment, just so soon a rise will begin. And when it begins it may continue for some time. Of course, there are chances of a renewal of gold exports, damage to crops, of financial complications abroad, and other things. But of one thing I am sure, and that is, that the policy of our Treasury Department should be promptly, clearly, and fully defined. Secretary Windom, unfortunately, left Wall Street too often in doubt as to what he would do, and this uncertainty was the basis of several bear attacks.

Jasper



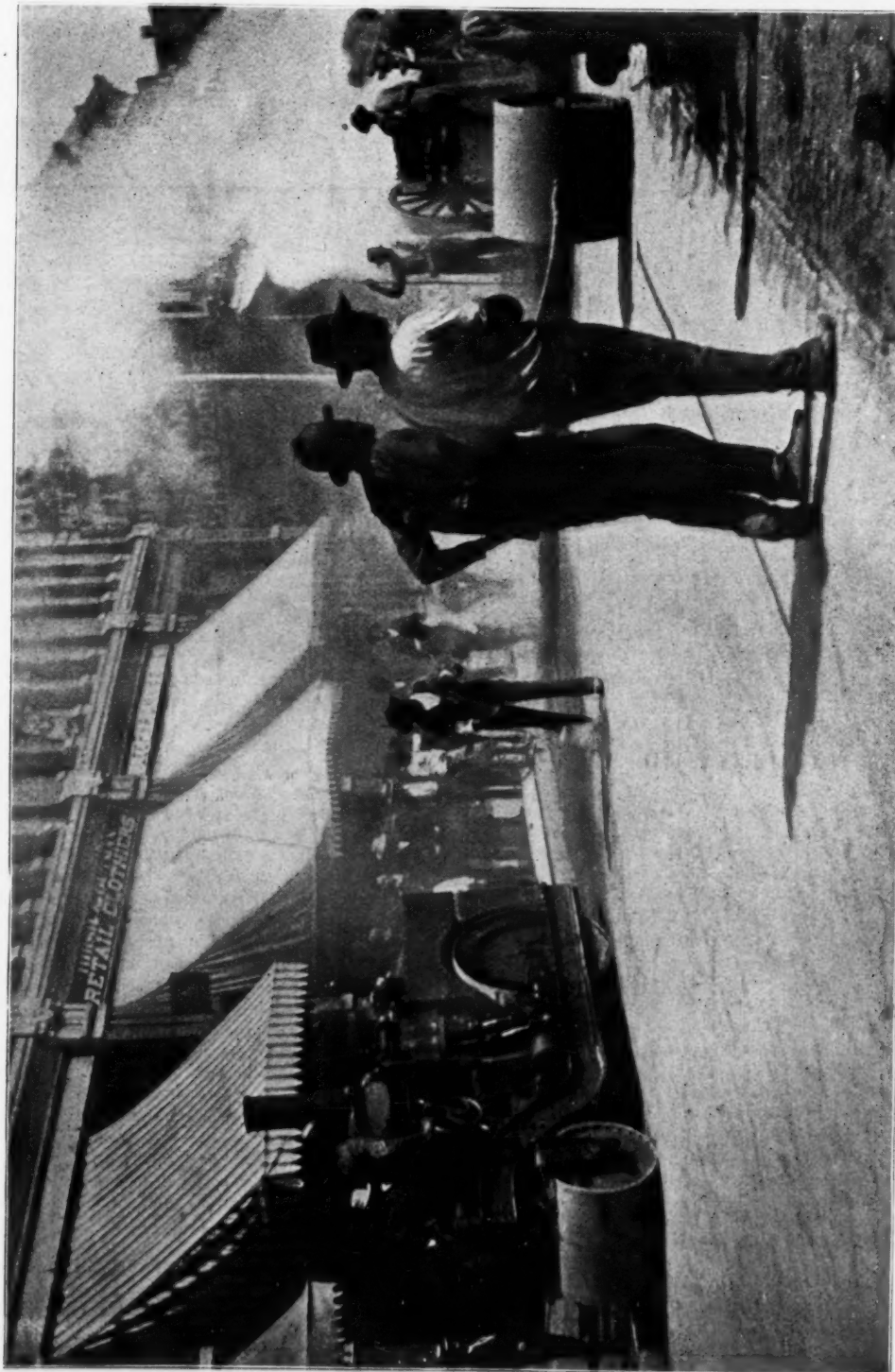
TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS: PHOTO BY C. S. RANSOM, ALBANY, N. Y.



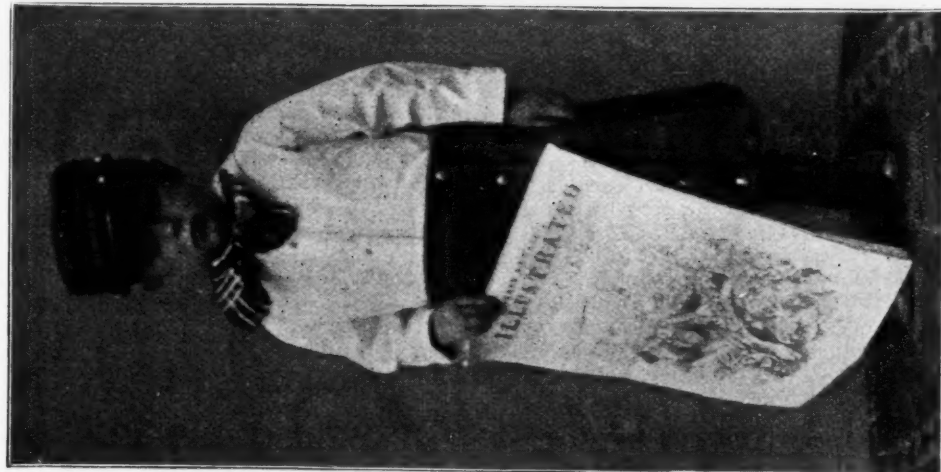
THRESHING SCENE: PHOTO BY MRS. J. C. KENDALL, NORFOLK, CONN.



OLD COUNTRY BRIDGE, LENOXVILLE, QUEBEC: PHOTO BY SARITA BOWEN.



A CITY SCENE—LAYING AN ASPHALT PAVEMENT: ANONYMOUS.



THE LITTLE NEWSMAN: PHOTO BY A. A. HASKELL, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.



SUPREME CONTENT: PHOTO BY C. M. COLLEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

OUR THIRD AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.—SPECIMENS OF THE PICTURES SUBMITTED IN COMPETITION.

TRAINING BOYS FOR MAN-OF-WAR SERVICE.

THE question of providing a class of men especially educated for the duties of a man-of-war's-man has engrossed the attention of many of the brightest minds of the service. The need of beginning at the earliest practicable age and of building into the boy's character not alone a love of his profession as a sailor, but also a positive passion for the service, is the end to which the education tends. The rewards of the successful are neither mean nor insignificant, and the certainty of a wholesome discipline, mental instruction, and technical knowledge, united to an almost perfect physical development, are desiderata of great value.

The seamen-gunners now developing for our new cruisers are in almost all cases ex-apprentices, and a fair percentage of the warrant officers are drawn from the same source. The excellent illustrations accompanying this article serve in a measure to depict some of the port scenes of a young sailor's life on board a training-ship. Could the artist have caught, with his faithful pencil, a scene in a gale, when the tempest shrieks through the swaying masts and strains the taut canvas to its utmost, when every nerve and muscle is tense in the effort to reef down the heavy topsail, the result would have shown your readers that the same sailor-boys who furl so deftly in port can also handle a ship when it requires a brave heart, a steady hand, and a well-trained endurance to venture above the sheltering bulwarks.

A very brief statement as to the rules governing apprentices will serve to show the efforts tending to this end.

The training of apprentices for the navy is conducted under the especial supervision of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. Boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years are eligible to be enlisted until they shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years. No boy can be enlisted without the consent of his parents or guardians. In order to render this clause effective, each boy must be accompanied by his parents or legally appointed guardians, or by declaration and oath properly perfected before a notary.

In addition boys must be "of robust frame, of perfectly sound and healthy constitution, and free from any physical defects or malformation, and not subject to fits or dizziness." Again, he must be "able to read and write the English language."

Apart from these general features a boy must be free from thirty ailments, all of which are specified with a particularity unpleasant to contemplate, but which are evidently reasonably infrequent in the average American boy. The cigarette habit is the cause of many rejections. No boy who has been convicted of crime can be received.

It will be seen that the navy demands much at the outset, but the boy, once being received, is provided at once with pay, rations, and outfit.

The pay of a third-class apprentice is \$9 per month. After three months at sea he may, if proficient, be advanced to second class (pay \$10 per month), then to first class (pay \$11 per month), and thence to seaman apprentice, second class (pay \$19 per month), and when transferred to a cruising-ship in the general service he may be advanced to seaman apprentice, first class (pay \$24 per month).

The ration consists of a wholesome amount of food, more than sufficient for a grown man. This ration, when commuted, amounts to thirty cents per diem. The outfit of clothing is abundant, and is given him outright.

Apprentices, as soon as possible after enlistment, are transferred to the training-station at Newport, R. I., where their instruction at once begins.

There are three departments of instruction, viz.: Seaman-ship; Gunnery; and the department of English.

Seamanship naturally includes model and draft instructions, knotting and splicing, sail-making, handling sails, running rigging, handling spars and yards, blocks and purchases, anchors and chains, marlinespike work, pulling and sailing boats, signals, compasses, lead and log lines, and sewing.

Gunnery comprises the evolutions of gun and carriage, stations and exercises at great guns, knowledge of ammunition and magazines, broadsword drill, howitzers and machine-guns, infantry instruction, squad drill, school of the soldier, company drill, target firing, skirmish drill, and bugle instruction.

English studies cover reading and writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history of the United States, history of the navy, religious and vocal instruction.

After a short time at the training-station the boy is transferred to one of the cruising training-vessels. These are the *Monongahela*, the *Portsmouth*, and the *Jamestown*. The *Monongahela* carries two hundred and forty apprentices, besides a sufficient crew of seamen to work the ship. All told she has nearly four hundred souls on board. The training-ships make two cruises each year, generally crossing the Atlantic and returning to Newport in the spring and fall. The *Monongahela* will remain abroad one year, and will upon her return transfer her apprentices to the service in the regular navy cruisers.

The pictures, which serve to put before our readers some of the evolutions exercised by the apprentices, give a good general idea of the work and practical instruction undertaken.

The *Monongahela* is a large, wooden sloop-of-war, full-ship rigged, of about 2,200 tons displacement, being twice as large as either the *Jamestown* or *Portsmouth*. Her spars are proportionally heavy, and her sails are quite up to the strength of the boys to handle.

As can be easily understood, it requires unending endeavor to keep several hundred boys busy from 5 A.M. to 9 P.M., and drills, instructions, and recreation cover every hour of the sixteen. Let us follow out one of these days on board and see how Uncle Sam makes men-of-war's-men. Lying in port, only an anchor watch is on deck. At 4:20 these trice up the hammock clothes to prepare the nettings for the hammocks of the crew still sound asleep below. At 4:30 the bugler sounds the reveille, and the master-at-arms and his assistants rout out the sound sleepers below. The deck, quiet a moment before, becomes alive with blue figures, each appearing from the berth deck with a huge white hammock upon his shoulders. The hammock is no sooner stowed in the netting, than the young sailor hastens to his mess cook for the steaming cup of hot cocoa already provided for him.

Twelve minutes to dress, lash and stow the hammocks, and eighteen minutes for the cocoa, occupy the first half hour. Then the boatswain's shrill pipe, followed by the hoarse "turn to" from the bronzed throat of the mate, announces that the real work of the day has begun. Following this comes the word "Scrub and wash clothes," or "Holystone decks, ladders, and gratings." Clothes are scrubbed three times a week, and though wash-days are numerous, each apprentice is compelled to wash something every wash-day. On board the *Monongahela* we frequently have over one thousand pieces in a single day's wash. As soon as the clothes-lines are out of the way the soap is scrubbed off the decks and the paint-work and ladders cleaned; then, before the decks are dry, our embryo sailor doffs his shirt and, if weather permits, his trousers, and takes a bath, one of his comrades assisting, to be in turn assisted. Any tendency to neglect this part of the routine is checked by the remembrance that a before-breakfast inspection will reveal omission to a school-master and be by him reported. What then? A forced bath? Yes, and one where the boy is assisted by one of the ship's corporals, who sees that soap and sand also are used with a vigor conducive to personal rather than assisted bathing in the future. This bathing finished, the decks are dried by 7.15 and the ship is clean for the day, and ready for the early drill with royal and top-gallant yards and masts. This takes place at 7.30 and generally occupies but fifteen minutes. At 7.50 the assembly is sounded, the boys fall in, doff shirts, and are carefully inspected as to cleanliness. At 8 comes breakfast, and the quick steps with which the boys march to the mess-tables betoken hearty appetites. Bread, coffee, meats, vanish before the attack, and our sailor, having purified the outer man and satisfied the inner, really dresses himself for the day in the uniform designated. Three-quarters of an hour is allowed for the breakfast and the toilet, and this second toilet is not the hasty shake of the early watch, for now the apprentice is preparing himself for a finished appearance at the divisional inspection by his commissioned officer. Shoes must be polished, clothes brushed, neckerchiefs squarely tied, lanyard white and in place, watch marks on and all clean, or woe betide the untidy and slovenly. After breakfast come drills at great guns and small arms. At 10.30 all the boys have an hour's instruction at school. Dinner follows at 12. At 1 P.M. come boat drills and sail drills. At 2.30 another hour's instruction at school. At 4.30 the yards and masts sent aloft in the morning come down on deck again, and by five the apprentice is quite ready for his supper. After supper comes another quarters and inspection, to see that the boys are properly dressed for the cool evening air. Then follows the pleasantest hour of the day, the recreation hour—music, dancing, swimming, leap-frog, boxing, shouting and laughter make the ship ring with ten score happy voices. Some of the boys are aloft to the very trucks, one hundred and fifty feet from the deck, others are perched upon the yard-arms, and still others come flying down the back-stays. The work of the day is done, and as for the morrow, that will look out for itself.

At sunset the hammocks are piped down and each apprentice prepares his blankets and mattress for the night. At 9 o'clock all are ensconced in their swinging-beds and the bugler's good-night and tattoo closes the eyes, heavy with slumber and fatigue.

Naturally offenses come, but punishment and correction follow so swiftly that the unruly soon learn that justice afloat is neither blind nor halt. Drills during recreation hours, deprivation of liberty on shore, reduction of monthly spending-money, are some of the methods used to maintain discipline and correct the careless and willful. Should these fail there are other and severer punishments applicable to the hardened offender.

All the boys are taught sewing, but two practiced tailors serve to execute the more intricate portions of the cutting and fitting. Once outfitted, every boy pays for clothing drawn to supply his needs, and as the pay is small, rigid supervision is needed to prevent waste and neglect.

The artist has shown us the boys engaged in the actual work on board ship. The boys are seen sending down the upper yards in one picture, and the top-gallant masts in its companion. Again we see them laying aloft to furl sail, and later upon the yard-arms stowing the canvas in its gaskets. None of these pictures were posed for, and the attitudes of the boys aloft are absolutely correct. The photograph, being instantaneous, has caught the boys in motion.

The other illustrations show the broadsword and small-arm drill, the drill at a rapid-firing six-pounder, and signal-boys and bugler at work.

The group about the mainmast includes two hundred and forty apprentices. As seamen the boys learn all the intricacies of the running-gear, the sails, ropes, spars, anchors, and chains. They knot and splice, reef, steer, and handle the lead-line. In the boats they practice oars and sails, bend and unbend, and practice all when the winds are fresh and the sea rough. The constant effort is to approach the actual conditions of hard service afloat as nearly as may be.

As gunners they are taught to load, aim, fire, mount, and dismount the guns; how to control and fight the battery in a seaway, when a rolling and pitching ship renders a great gun almost as dangerous to its own crew as to its enemy. Many become expert marksmen, and all are soon capable of making a score upon the targets provided. The English studies have been sufficiently indicated.

Religious instruction is provided by the chaplain on board, and profanity is prohibited.

The system graduates about two hundred seamen apprentices per annum, and though the navy does not secure all the finished seamen, yet the whole seacoast profits by those seeking merchant service.

On board the *Monongahela* are boys from Denver, Col.; from Minneapolis, Minn.; from St. Louis, from Chicago, from Richmond, and from all the seaboard States to the northward. All sections are represented.

That the life is healthful and invigorating is shown by the surgeon's tables as to growth and stature, and the very few in the sick bay shows that salt air, salt water, and salt horse are productive of bone, muscle, and healthy tissue; while the intelligent faces, frank eyes, and independent demeanor abundantly prove that the training squadron evolves men who are creditable, contented, and competent.

J. G. EATON.

LIFE INSURANCE.—RAY'S OF LIGHT.

SOME time ago I had several inquiries regarding the United Order of Fraternal Co-operation, which offered big returns to those who would join and pay the initiation fee and assessments for six months. A dispatch from New Brunswick, N. J., reports that two hundred members of the order, who were to have received the stipulated amount on a certain day, received instead a notice that an increase of two dollars on each certificate per week would have to be deducted from the cash value of their certificates, so that there would be left only about half of the amount promised to be paid them. Indignation meetings were held, and speculators, taking advantage of the situation, proceeded to buy up the certificates at a heavy discount. This is a sample of the sort of work that seems to prevail in all these ridiculous short-term orders. I trust my readers and all their friends will avoid them as they do lotteries.

Rough Notes is the name of a paper which does not belie its cognomen. It is published in Indianapolis, and is crammed full of puffs for insurance companies, particularly of the Northwestern Mutual Life. Like other insurance journals, it jumps on "The Hermit" and intimates that his column is used for improper purposes. They dare not, however, make a direct accusation to this effect against me or against this paper. It is sufficient to say that *Rough Notes*, like all other journals of its class, depends for an existence upon its puffery of insurance concerns. It has, therefore, neither the desire, the opportunity, nor the power to tell the truth regarding the various swindling concerns that prey upon the community under the guise of life insurance companies.

One statement made by "The Hermit" to which *Rough Notes* takes particular exception is that to the effect that the Northwestern has considerable money in western railroad securities, while the large old-line companies of New York do not regard such securities with favor. *Rough Notes* says the Northwestern has no money in railroad securities, and I find by the Report of the New York Insurance Department that this statement is true.

What I said, or what I meant to have said, was that the Northwestern had considerable money in Western mortgages. And I still insist that the great New York companies do not put their money in these Western mortgages, and in the light of what is going on in Kansas, Nebraska, and several other Western States, where deferred mortgages are altogether too common, I think their course is far more prudent and conservative than that of the Northwestern Mutual, and I believe that investors generally will side with me in this matter.

I want it to be distinctly understood that calling names and making faces at "The Hermit" will not deter him from the performance of his duty. He will tell the truth about the Northwestern or any other company, whether it advertises in *LESLIE'S* or not, and if he makes mistakes he will always be glad promptly and fully to correct them. *Rough Notes* and the *Spectator* have not this reputation and do not deserve it.

"CINCINNATI, OHIO, March 12th, 1891.

"THE HERMIT":—Would you kindly explain in your next number how it comes that the Equitable Life Assurance Society, with a larger amount of outstanding insurance, has a smaller reserve liability than the Mutual Life of New York, to wit: Equitable, outstanding insurance, \$720,662,473; Equitable, reserve liability, four per cent., \$96,503,297; Mutual, outstanding insurance, \$688,226,865; Mutual, reserve, four per cent., \$136,668,368. I always supposed that the company having the largest amount of outstanding insurance would also have the largest reserve, of necessity. Again, the Equitable, with total assets of \$119,243,744, has a surplus of \$23,740,447; while the Mutual, with assets of \$147,154,961, has only \$9,981,233 surplus. Why is this great difference? Is it because the Mutual has been paying larger dividends to policy-holders than the Equitable? (Their records for 1890 show that the Mutual paid out over a million more in dividends than the Equitable, to wit: \$2,763,592 and \$1,666,990 respectively.) Again, what is the difference in the main between the Mutual Life, which is a mutual company, and the Equitable, which is a non-mutual company? Do they both come in under the same legal restrictions, and what is really the difference between the two kinds of companies, so far as policy-holders are concerned? F. F. W."

Bear in mind that the greater reserve is charged against the Mutual because it is about twenty years older than the Equitable, and has, of course, a large number of older policies. The Equitable has made a specialty of deferred dividends, or the ton-tine plan of insurance. It has a large amount of accumulated surplus on account of such policies, while the Mutual has paid its dividends annually. Both the companies are largely under the same legal restrictions, and they are much alike in essential respects.

"J. F. W.," of Auburn, Ala., wants to know whether the Union Central of Ohio is reliable, and how it and the Hartford Life and Annuity Company compare with the best companies of the country. Both of the companies mentioned are small, but fairly good. I would prefer insurance in one of the larger old-line companies. Any one of the great ones in New York City would be preferable, I think.

"B. E. B.," of Albany, Oreg., gives me some data regarding estimates which he obtained at the age of thirty from the New York Life, the Mutual Life, the Equitable, and the Northwestern as to the cost of a twenty annual payment life with a ton-tine or investment period of twenty years, and for one thousand dollars. His estimates seem to give the preference to the Northwestern, the figures showing about thirty-four dollars in its favor.

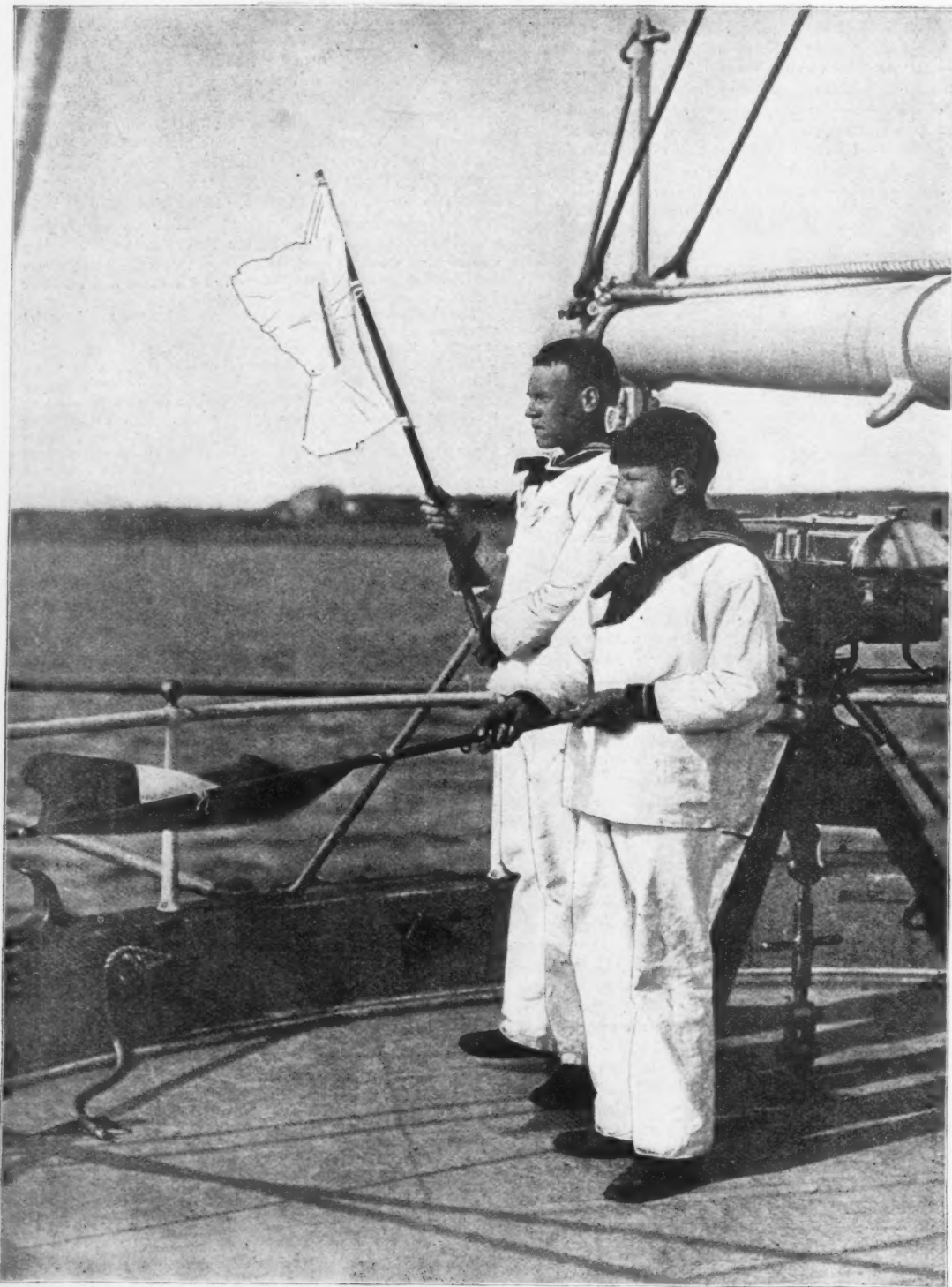
My correspondent thought from the figures given of the "ratio of expense and taxes to new business" and the death-rate, that the Northwestern was also his choice. He therefore questions the statement that the Mutual or any of the other companies mentioned is to be preferred to the Northwestern. He adds: "Do not the stockholders of the Equitable draw seven per cent. on their stock annually, and does not that lessen the surplus to policy-holders just seven thousand dollars? I very carefully investigated the claims of each company before insuring, and on the strength of assurances from my friends carrying the same policies in these companies that the dividends of the Northwestern were more than double those of the other companies, I was induced to insure in the Northwestern. I am waiting for information, and shall be pleased to hear from you further."

In reference to the seven per cent. paid on the Equitable stock, I have only to say that under the statute at the time of its incorporation it had to have a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, and deposit that amount with the Insurance Department of this State, and as the legal rate of interest was at that time seven per cent., it has been continued ever since as the dividend on the stock. I do not see very well how this could be changed, and I do not know how there could be any objection to the stockholders' receiving seven per cent. on their investment, instead of applying it in other directions aside from the benefits of policy-holders. I only wish that the dividends of all the other stock companies in the insurance business were limited to the same figures.

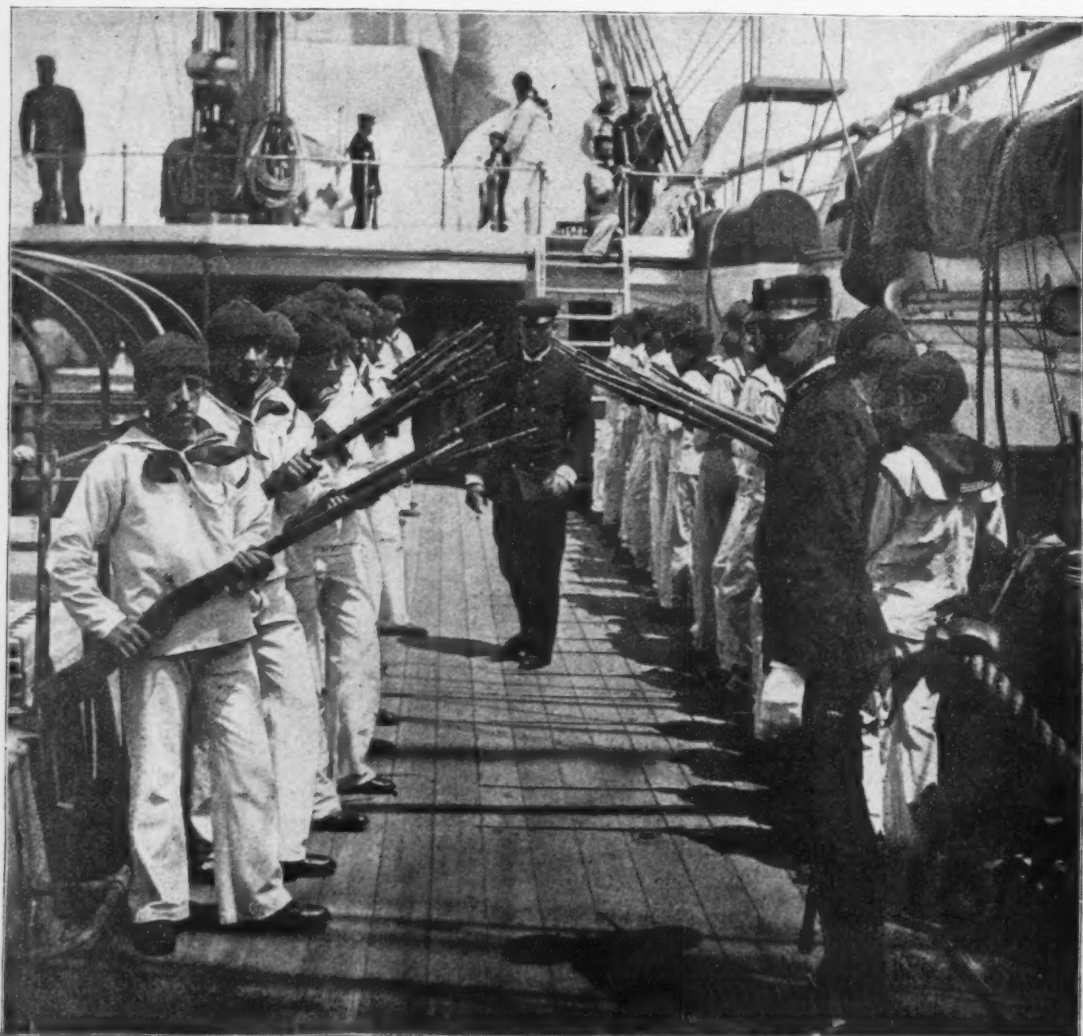
As to the dividends of the Northwestern, my correspondent does not say what is promised him, nor has he given me any data on which I can make my own estimates and compare them with those of other companies. Correspondents in presenting facts should always be as accurate and concise as possible.

I have certain inquiries about the Flour City Insurance Association of Rochester. I have made some notes of the condition of this company, and reserve further comments to a later issue, and until an examination now pending has been completed.

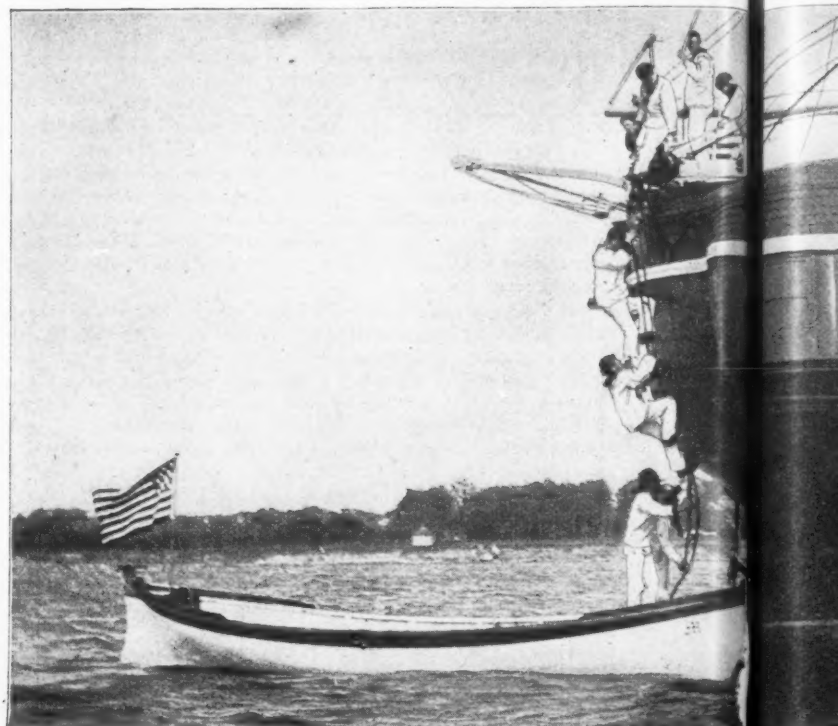
The Hermit.



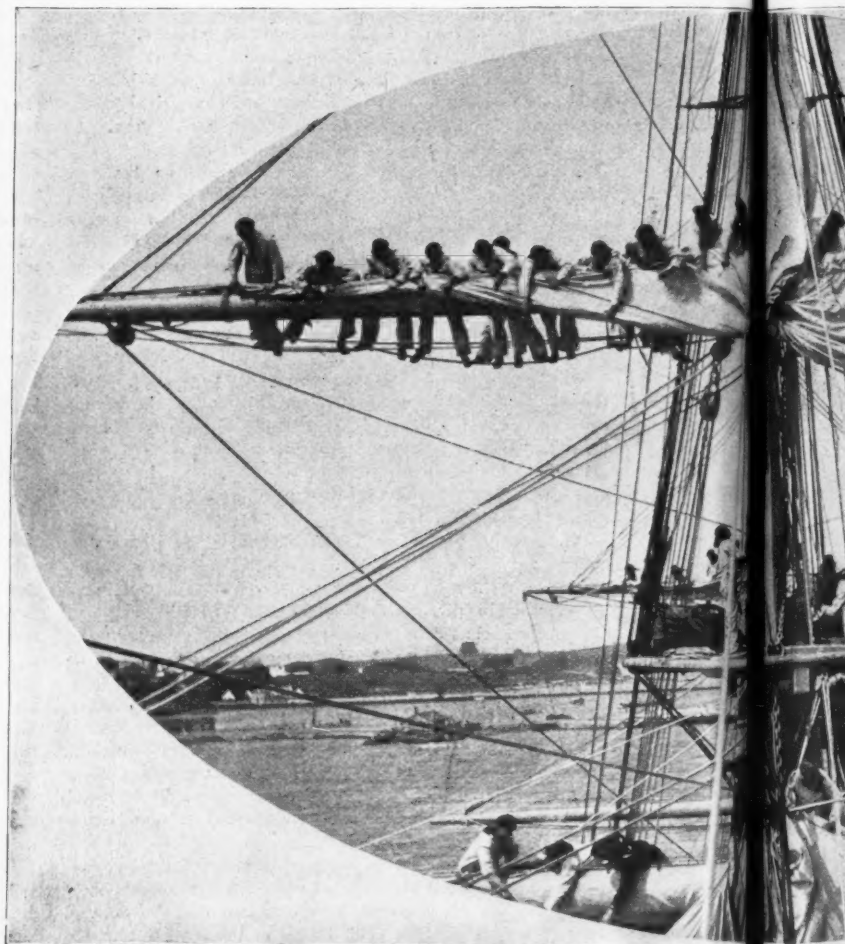
MORSE CODE OF SIGNALING—SIGNAL BOYS.



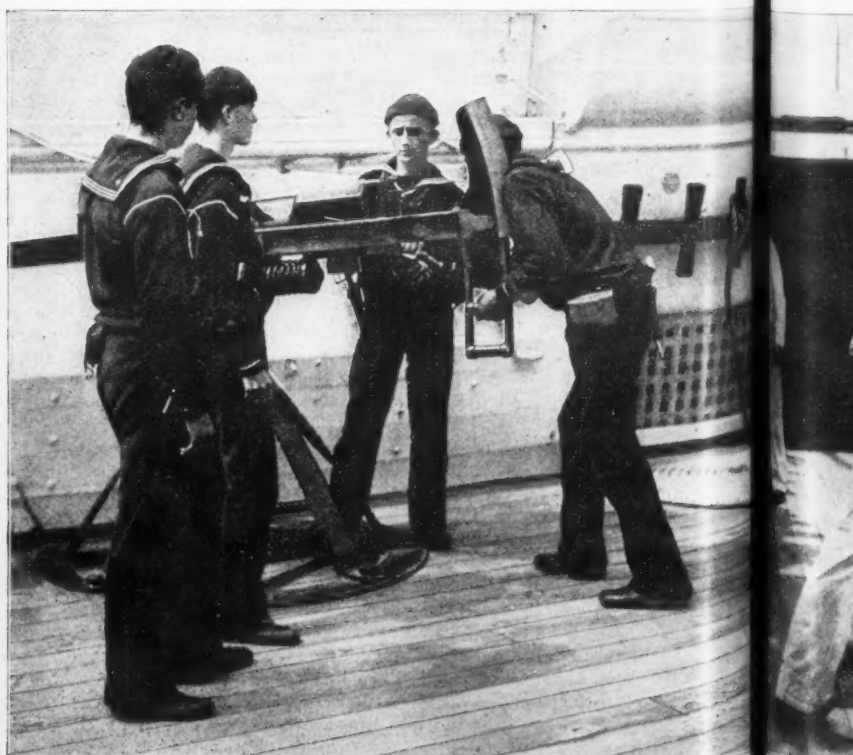
"READY!"—FOURTH DIVISION AT SMALL ARMS.



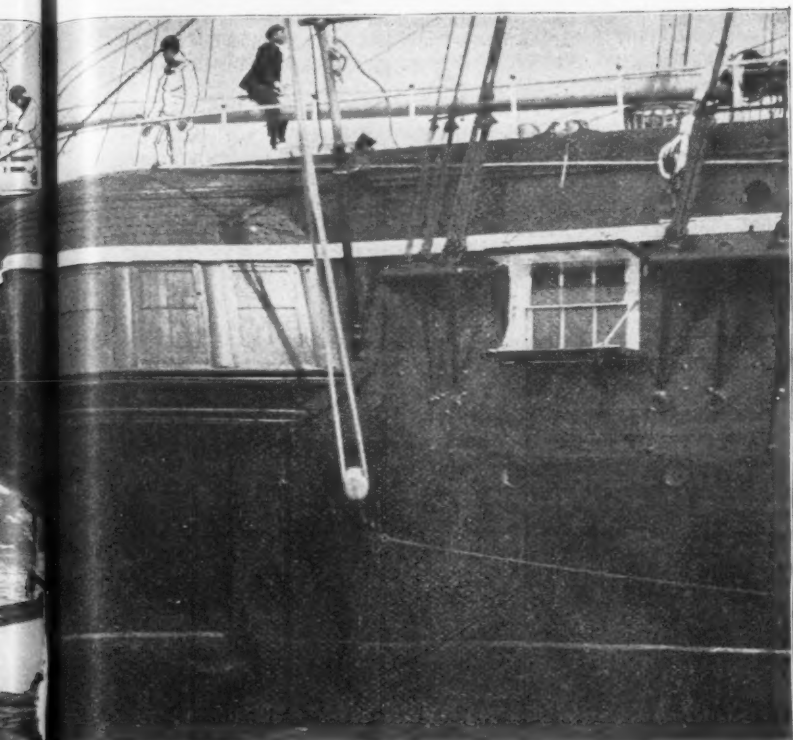
SQUARING TACKLING—SQUARING DINGHY.



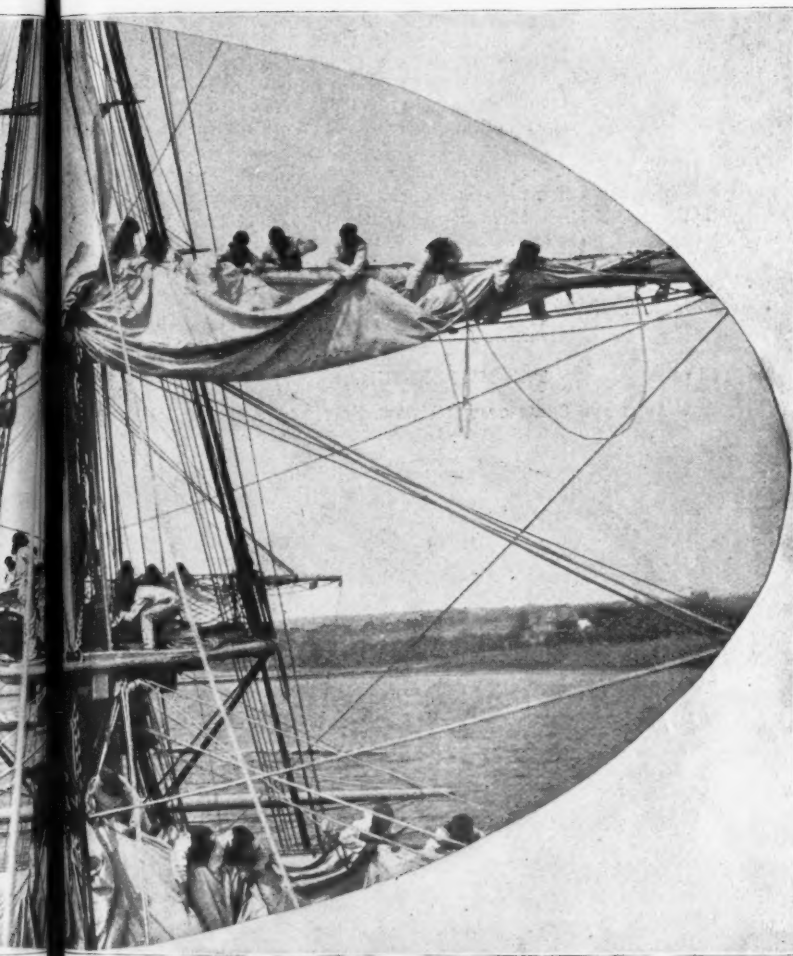
FURLING TOPSAIL—FURLING MAINSAIL.



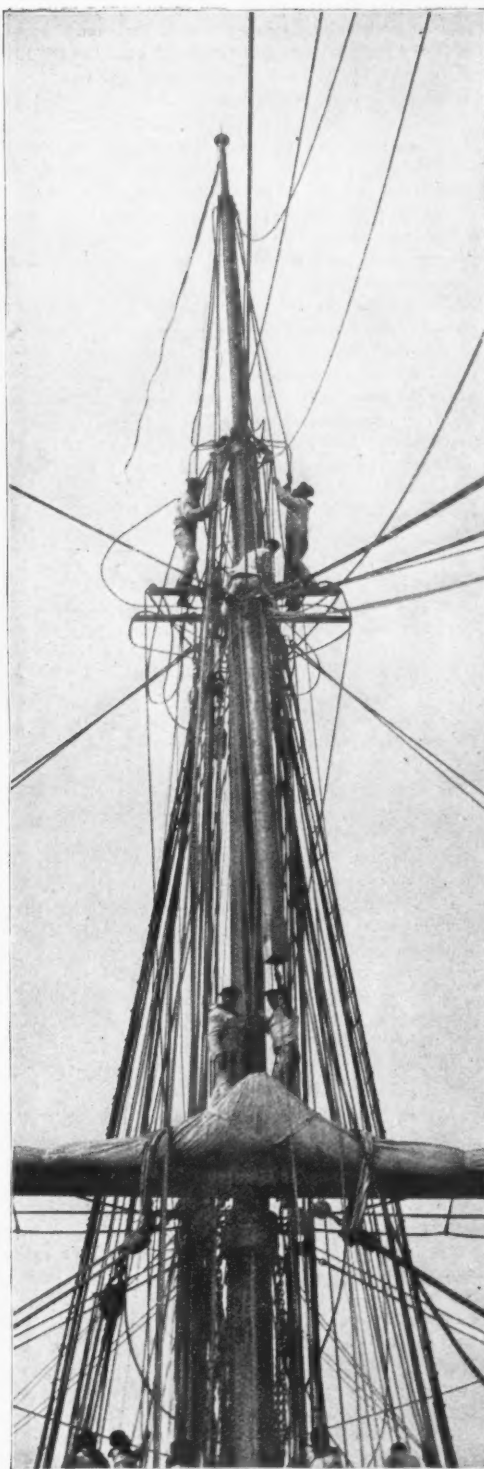
"AIM!"—6-POUNDER RAPID-FIRE HOTCHKISS.



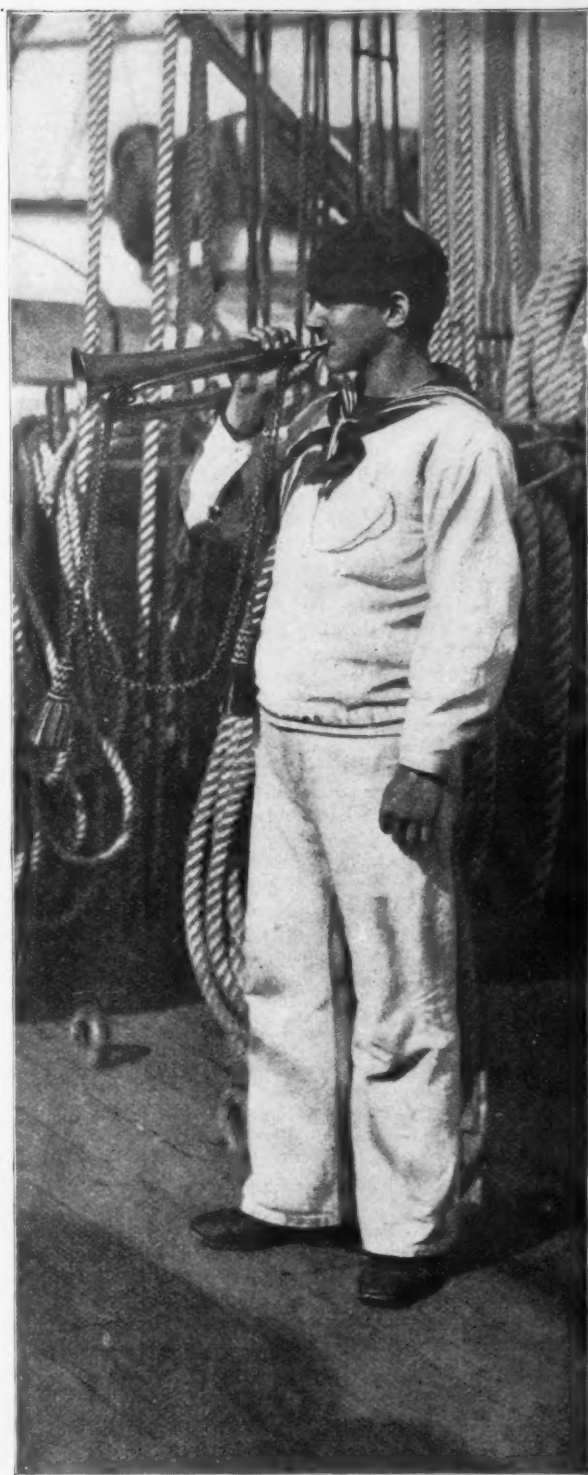
ING YAR...ING DINGEY.



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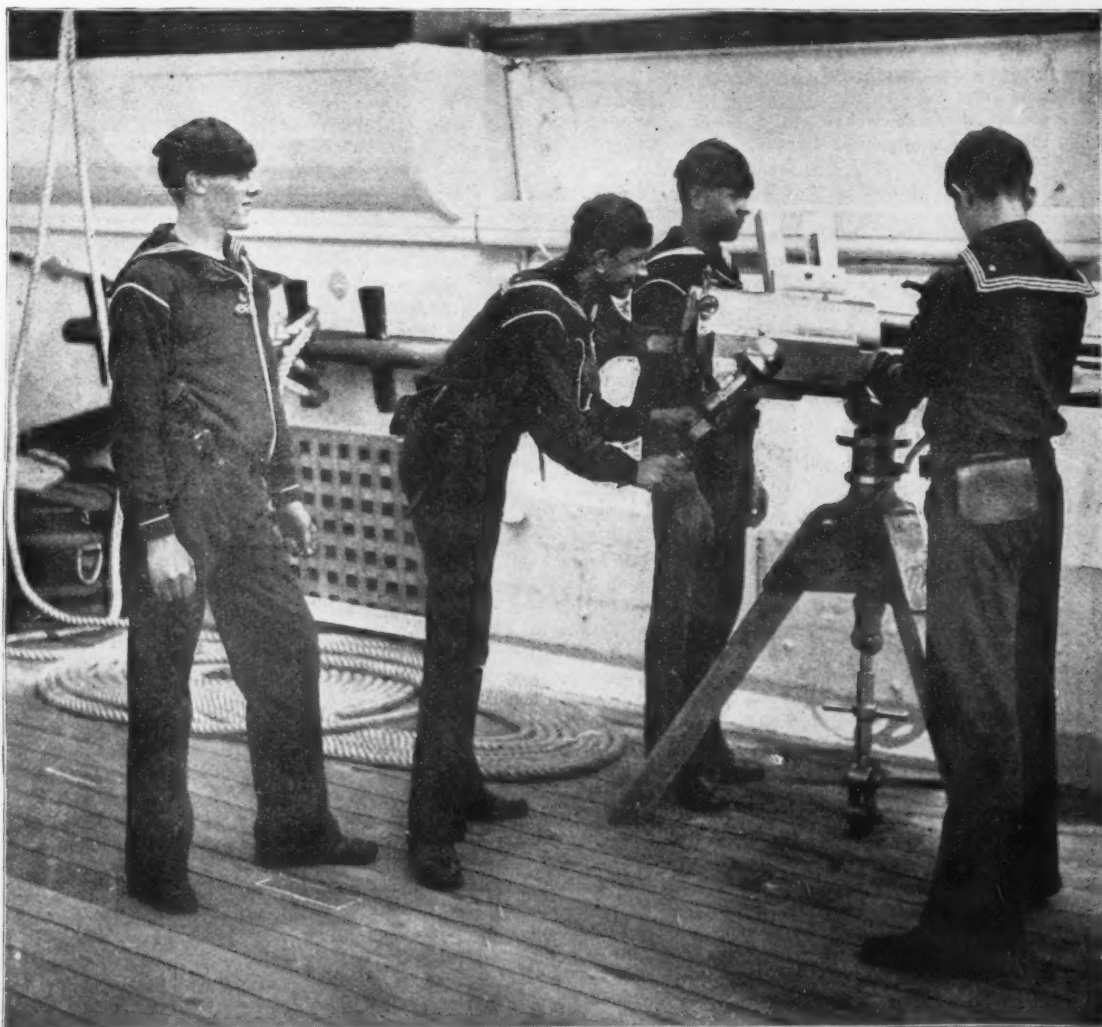
SENDING DOWN THE TOP GALLANT MASTS.



"CALL AWAY FIRST CUTTER"—BUGLER AT MAIN FIVE RAIL.



"LEFT FACE-CUT"—EXERCISE AT BROAD-SWORDS.



"AIM!"—THE 37-MILLIMETRE HOTCHKISS.

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

WELLS'S NARRATIVE OF THE DESCENT OF THE YUKON
CONTINUED—HIS EXPERIENCES ON GOLD-BEARING
FORTY-MILE CREEK.

II.

WHEN the *City of Chicago* left the junction of the Tahk and Tagish, descending the Yukon, a light, favorable wind was blowing, so it was decided to run all night under sail. Lake La Barge, forty miles in length, lay just ahead. It is an expansion of the Yukon basin in which the river current loses itself, only to reappear at the outlet. It is oftentimes difficult to cross the lake, owing to contrary winds and rough seas. A craft like the *City of Chicago* can run but a few points off the wind, and it behooves the skipper to take full advantage of a breeze that blows his way, even in the night.

As we drew near the entrance to Lake La Barge the Yukon current slackened from five to three miles, and finally to a scant two miles per hour, the water expanding over the lowlands and forming lagoons, or "sloughs," as they are termed in Alaska.

In June the Northern days grow long, and there is only semi-obscurity until near midnight. We got fairly into the lake by ten o'clock, and sailing until daybreak, had crossed it half way. The wind then died out and we went to shore and made camp. In the evening another breeze in the right direction caused us to hoist sail and run all night. On the following morning we found ourselves at the foot of the lake, between low mountains thinly timbered and picturesque knobs of variegated rock. Dense growths of spruce carpeted with moss filled the depressions near the water.

It will be a long time before I forget the circumstances attending our final exit from La Barge. When we had almost reached the outlet an opposing wind arose and blew furiously in shore. The tow-rope was uncoiled, and two of us waded ahead in the icy water tugging at the raft with all our strength. It was slow work, and not at all comfortable. As we picked a way along near the beach deep holes were encountered, and we frequently stepped down to the waist line into frigid regions. Our long rubber boots filled with water, and our clothing became saturated.

After a weary mile had been covered in this fashion we reached the outlet, and had the satisfaction of resigning ourselves once more to the action of the river current. Preparatory to an all-night run we tied up to the bank for an hour, cooked supper, and dried our clothing. Then we got under way again, and Indiank and I took the night watch. For several hours the river carried us onward at an easy pace, but the suction of the waters gradually became more lively, and the first thing I knew we were traveling along at a dangerous speed, the clear waters beneath revealing submerged rocks and sand-bars gliding under us with freight-train velocity.

Old Indiank appeared to enjoy the new element of excitement, and standing at the bow oar he swept the waters ahead with keen glances, waving his hand warningly to the left or right as obstacles became dimly visible. I had grasped the stern oar, or sweep, and paddled to larboard or starboard as occasion demanded. Indiank plied his oar in unison with mine, and we succeeded in avoiding the worst obstructions.

As the night grew darker the difficulty of seeing far ahead increased, and with it the chances of a mishap. Round short bends we dashed, uncomfortably close to overhanging trees. Occasionally a loud, grating sound beneath indicated the whereabouts of a yielding sand-heap. Had we struck something solid in our wild career the results might easily have proved disastrous. So far the "watch" in the cabin had slept comfortably through the turmoil.

But the comfort of the sleepers was not to continue. At 3 A.M., while we were logging fully six knots, the raft slid upon a huge submerged boulder with an inclined surface and stopped without much shock, as though air-brakes had been discreetly applied. An instant later the waters gathered and foamed over the stern. Not a log had parted from the framework, although the *City of Chicago* was tilted and somewhat twisted. I roused the sleepers unceremoniously.

"We're on a rock! Turn out!"

There was no one to "turn out" except Price, for Scientist Schanz was quite sick and unable to leave his bunk. The situation was annoying. We were firmly established in the middle of the Yukon, with swift water eight feet deep all around us. The strength of the current we soon found was too great to admit of poling or pushing the craft up stream so as to free it from the rock, nor could we force a passage over it.

And here we stuck for hours. None of the devices resorted to availed anything toward escaping the dilemma in which we were placed, and it began to look as if we would have to unload the raft, using the canvas boat, and then camp upon the shore for five or six days while we built a new raft. Our slender stock of provisions made this alternative a very disagreeable one. As a last possible resort Price resolved to saw away a section of one of the logs that appeared to be resting firmly upon the boulder. The log was a large one, and took some time to cut, but at length the freed section, some five feet in length, broke away and was instantly followed by the raft. The *City of Chicago* was once more afloat, although badly disfigured.

After this episode we managed to keep clear of obstructions and traveled along with surprising rapidity. Sometimes we ran day and night without stopping, cooking and sleeping on board our floating home. The open fire for cooking purposes was usually built upon the logs astern of the cabin. Of course the hot coals gradually burned a hole into the logs, but as these were quite thick and water-soaked on the lower side, no serious damage was done. We were shaping our course for surveyor McGrath's camp, five hundred miles below Lake La Barge, on the Yukon. We knew that there was a physician there who could give Schanz proper attention.

At noon on Wednesday, June 18th, Rink Rapids were reached. Here the Yukon is divided into three channels by two enormous rocks in midstream, and the current runs with mill-race velocity.

On Thursday, June 19th, the mouth of Pelly River was reached. At the junction of the rivers we found Trader Harper's new post, but Harper had gone down the Yukon, leaving an old miner named Moore in charge of the place. There were no

provisions at this post except a small supply belonging to the miner. He generously allowed us to have a half-sack of flour, and we resumed our journey toward Forty-mile.

From Pelly to Stewart River is a distance of one hundred and six miles. The *City of Chicago* made the run in twenty-nine hours without stopping, thus beating the fastest raft record known.

A day later we sighted the small trading steamboat, *New Racket*, tied up to the bank, and, paddling ashore, we had the pleasure of greeting Trader Al Mayo and a few other white men, all en route to gold-diggings on the Pelly. A barge, towing astern, was loaded with Indian women, children, and provisions. Mayo kindly gave us some provisions, and we started again down stream.

Forty-mile post was reached on June 22d, and Surveyor McGrath's camp on the following day. There I secured some provisions from McGrath, and left Mr. Schanz, who was now quite sick. The doctor informed me that he would be unable to travel again for many days. It was impossible to delay, and on the next morning I started up the Yukon to refit at Forty-mile post.

On July 3d, 1890, the expedition forsook the Yukon River and began the ascent of Forty-mile Creek. The route traversed up to that time had lain through southern Alaska, British Columbia, and the Northwest Territory. It was my intention now to leave the Queen's dominions and to enter central Alaska by way of the creek mentioned, then to march overland to the Tanana River, securing a retinue of Indians on the way and proceeding further to pierce the unexplored wilderness about the head-waters of Copper River, reaching, if possible, the mighty volcano, Mount Wrangel, supposed to contest the sovereignty of Mount St. Elias as the loftiest peak of the North American continent. I also proposed to look for the large deposits of copper ore reported by natives to exist in this region, and then to build a raft and descend the Copper River to the seacoast before the winter should close in and prevent escape.

Lieutenant Allen, in his explorations of the Copper and Tanana rivers in 1885, had crossed the divide between these two streams by way of the Lake Susitna Pass, and had seen from a distance Mount Wrangel thrusting its smoking crater far above the clouds. No explorer had penetrated to it up to the time of my undertaking. It was in the centre of a region enshrouded in mystery and difficult of exploration, and made all the more interesting from the fact that the natives were said to be superstitiously afraid of the "fire mountain."

In order to properly refit the expedition I had secured all of the provisions obtainable from McQuesten's depleted trading-post and from Surveyor McGrath's camp near by on the Yukon. Even then the supplies fell considerably short of what were needed.

It should be mentioned here that my party at this time consisted of two white men, Frank Price and W. A. De Haas, and two Indians, Schwatka and Esau—the one a Chilkat remarkable for his willingness to work, and the other a weary young Yukon native who was to accompany me eight miles up the creek. Please understand that the name "Forty-mile Creek" is a trader's misnomer; that it misrepresents a river that can be ascended two hundred miles.

The Indians whom I purposed to secure for packers lived on the upper waters of this stream, and they would be dependent upon me for support during the overland journey. I believed, however, that the guns might be relied on to furnish considerable food and allow of economy in the use of flour, rice, and oatmeal, the principal staples in our stores. If the weapons failed us, starvation would be quite possible. People living in the cities, where there is always a market convenient, can scarcely appreciate the importance of the food question in Alaska, where the fur-traders' posts are scattered many hundreds of miles apart. As for us, we were leaving even the trading-posts behind to enter a region where no succor from white men could be obtained.

Two skiffs had been loaned us by Trader O'Brien, under an agreement that the Indian boy Esau should bring the same back to the post at the mouth of Forty-mile, and with these skiffs carrying our outfit we started up the creek. Owing to the swiftness of the current it was necessary to use tow-ropes and shear-lines. One man went ahead of each boat, dragging it along canal-boat fashion, while another man walked behind, holding one end of a shear-line that operated to keep the craft at the proper distance from the bank. Wading became a frequent necessity from the start.

Forty-mile is really an enchanting stream. Heading far away in the solitudes of central Alaska, it flows down sombre, swift, and silent on its journey to the Yukon, washing in its passage over thousands of dollars' worth of yellow gold in nuggets, flakes, and dust. The dark, tea-colored flood, stained by the moss, seems to be trying to conceal the wealth that lies scattered in the sands beneath. In reality the water-course is paved with gold-bearing gravel. During the last four years the Polar miners have been working on its bars, which are uncovered only at low stages of water, and have taken out quantities of the precious metal. Yet the universal distribution of the gold makes the mining scarcely profitable. There are no rich pockets or bars to yield special golden harvests. The considerable aggregate amount of money secured from the diggings up to the present time is the result of many men's labor during the four years. Three to ten dollars per day is all that the average miner can expect to take out during the short summer, and from his gains he must pay for a year's supplies at the post; these supplies costing three or four times as much as they would in the States. Many a man has left this isolated mining-camp unable to pay his trading-post bill.

The mosquitoes are the midsummer bane of Alaska. Keen-sighted, nimble, and daring, they make disagreeable antagonists by day and by night, wasting no time in sleep prior to the great tribal funeral in the fall. As the short summer of daylight draws to a close, however, and autumn introduces darkness as a feature into the Alaskan nights, the mosquitoes disappear and are succeeded by small black gnats with sharp stings and a very unpleasant propensity for unprovoked pugnacity. At the time of which I write—early July—the first gnats were beginning to appear, but they were merely venturesome scouts, as the mosquito hosts still held the country and would not yield possession for some weeks.

On the first night out from the trading-post, camp was pitched a short distance below the only cañon of Forty-mile, at a point where Billy Spence, an aged white miner, had a cabin and was industriously working the sands by day and fighting the mosquitoes by night. He was not making much money. Five dollars per day would probably be an exaggerated estimate of his income. Billy was dissatisfied and ready to leave the country at the first opportunity. In fact, he did leave it later in the summer, as I subsequently found. His "rocker," which was of the kind used by many of the miners on Forty-mile, differed but little from those commonly seen about the placer diggings in California in the early days, before "spices" and "hydraulics" came, with their able streams of water, to tumble the gravel energetically about and catch the hidden gold.

Billy's rocker was an ablong, oscillating wash-tub supported on four legs. Into it the gold-bearing gravel was dumped from buckets, falling upon a perforated iron screen. Water was poured from a dipper upon this mass and the machine kept swinging all the while. The fine gravel and gold dust filtered through the perforations in the iron to two woolen blanket slides on which the black sand and gold found lodgment, while the gravel gradually washed out of an opening below. The coarse material on the iron screen above was meanwhile cleared away by hand. When Billy thought his blanket slides were sufficiently laden with black sand and yellow dust, say after a three hours' spell of "rocking," he would carefully remove them from the machine and wash both in a large wooden box. The settlings of this box were subsequently treated with quicksilver and the gold was collected out of the black sand.

On July 4th, the expedition passed through the cañon of Forty-mile. This fissure in the rocks is perhaps half a mile long, and the walls, although jagged, are not high. The formation is of slate and marble with occasional threads of quartz. The waters of the stream pour through the gap tumultuously, surging here and there against fallen boulders that form dangerous obstructions to skiff or canoe navigation.

Our boats, unloaded, were towed with considerable difficulty up the left-hand bank of the cañon by means of long ropes, while the provisions, photographic outfit, and camp equipage were carried over the rocks to a point near the head of the gorge. Here both skiffs were reloaded and a fresh start was made up stream.

On July 5th, the supposed boundary line between the Northwest Territory and Alaska was crossed, and the expedition, leaving the British domain, entered Uncle Sam's great Territory. A tree on the creek bank, blazed by pioneer Canadian surveyors only two years ago, marks the boundary. The correctness of its location is to be determined by the United States Survey party under McGrath now upon the Yukon. E. H. WELLS.

THE MILLENNIUM.

THE ARMS AND CREST OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AND THE OVERSE OF THE NATIONAL SEAL.

Ho! to the land shadowing with wings,—which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia: that sendeth ambassadors by sea,—even in ships driven by whirling things upon the waters,—saying, go, ye-swift messengers, to a nation outspread and tried, Ho! to a people terrible from their beginning hitherto; a nation that metheth out and treadeth down, whose ancient land the rivers have despoiled! (Isaiah xviii, 1-2 and verse 7th!!!) [See Millennium article on editorial page.]

THE HITHERTO UNRECOGNIZED REVERSE TO THE "GREAT SEAL" OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

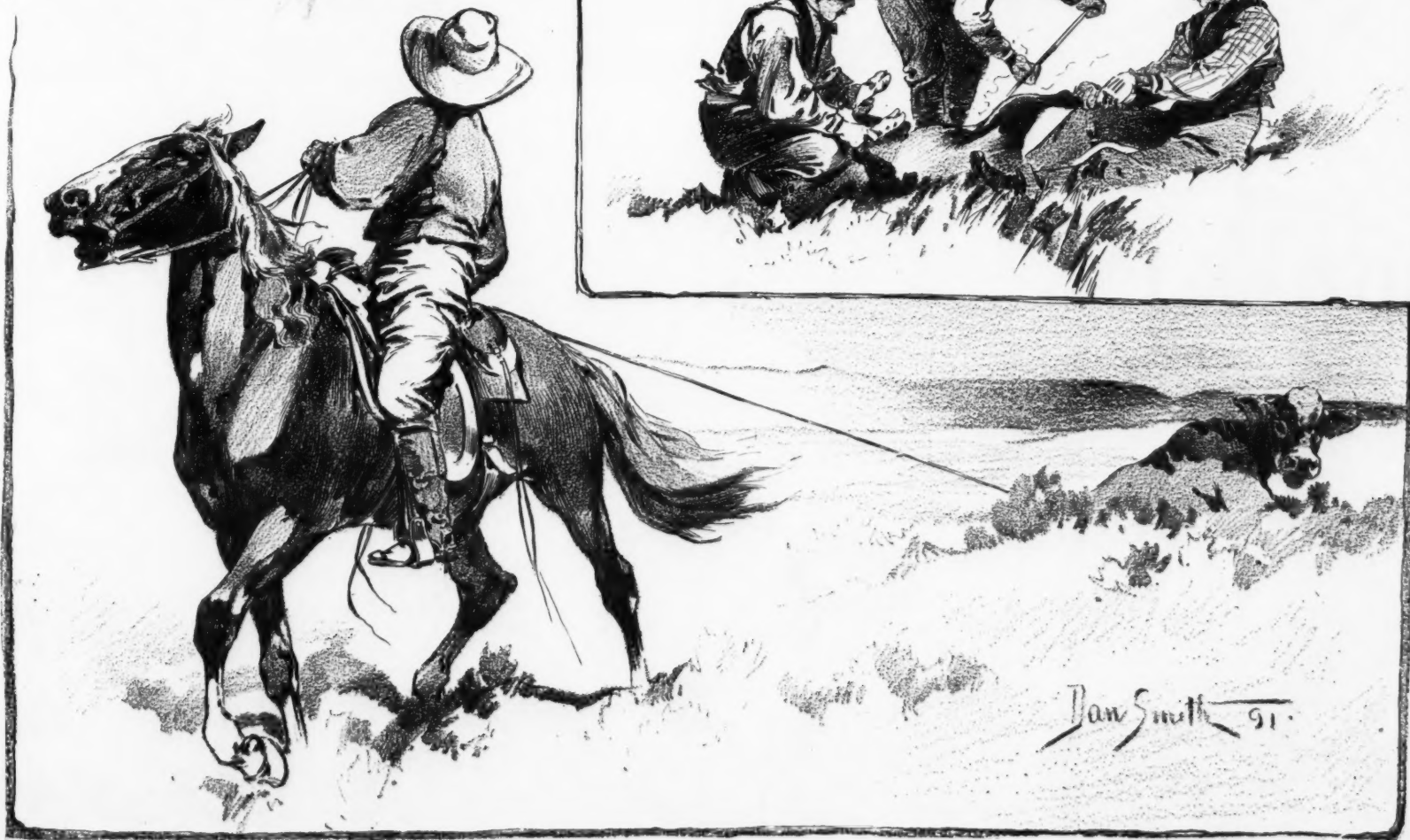
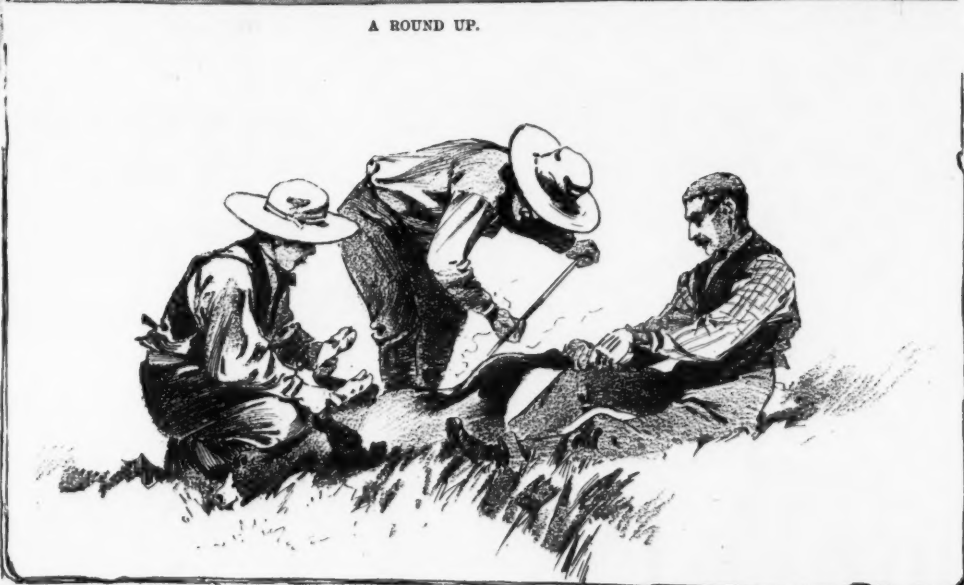


THE WISE MAN'S HOUSE.

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." (Matt. vii. 25.) [See Professor Totten's closing article.]



A ROUND UP.



Dan Smith 91.

LASSOING A CALF FOR BRANDING.

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.—DRAWN BY DAN SMITH.

"MARVELOUS MARION."

THE STORY OF A NATURAL-GAS TOWN IN GRANT COUNTY, INDIANA.

"HERE comes a tramp!" Down dropped a ragged china doll and away ran Jane. The Rosedale pike out of Marion was dusty though it was autumn and "the dew was on the punkin'." The man who frightened Jane Gurney stopped in the road, walked to the fence, and from a pot of yellow paint he carried he inscribed the legend, "Buy your coal of Parkinson." Then he walked on, picked up the ragged plaything, coaxed Jane into friendship, and went on his way singing.

That was nearly twenty years ago. The "tramp" was James Whitcomb Riley, sign-painter of the village of Marion, who had even then learned to charm his little world with verses, and to dignify the homely Hoosier dialect by making it the vehicle of his tender rhymes.

Four years ago to-day sleepy Marion still bought its coal of Parkinson. Jane was making a wedding-gown, and her father was earning the reputation of being "as crazy as a loon," because he was drilling a well beside the dusty turnpike in search of natural gas. His little scheme, however, killed the coal busi-

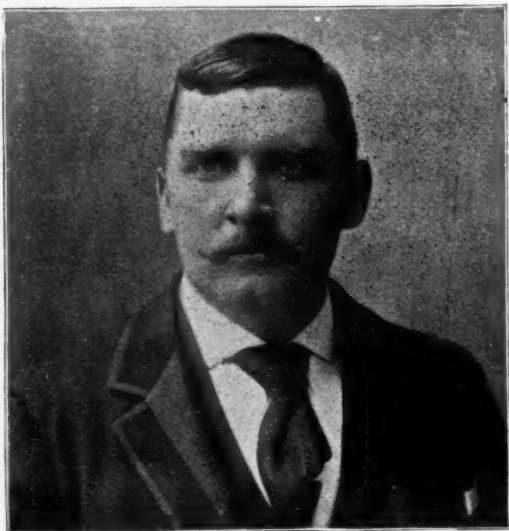
ness of his friend Parkinson, for he himself now furnishes fuel to all the country round.

Four years ago the court-house at Marion was the centre of a ring of farmers' teams of a Monday afternoon, and while the legal battle waged within to settle, perhaps, the boundary of a certain line-fence, the judge chewed tobacco and gazed out of the window at a fine yoke of passing steers. Things are different now. What would the judge have thought if he had been told that in forty-eight months a board of aldermen would be discussing the advisability of paving with asphalt the very street upon which, through deep mud, the yoke of steers were slowly traversing that day?

Four years ago the tax-roll of the village of Marion was spread to raise funds for a community of 3,500 souls. Four months ago a mayor and a common council wrestled with the problem of how to get money enough for the city of Marion with her 15,000 souls upon the same basis as the levy of four years before, because the State constitution provided for but one property appraisal in five years, upon which to base the annual taxation. Imagine a municipal government, with police force, school department, water-works, board of health, and fire department, trying to maintain itself upon the money raised from village taxes! Men were living on city lots that cost a thousand



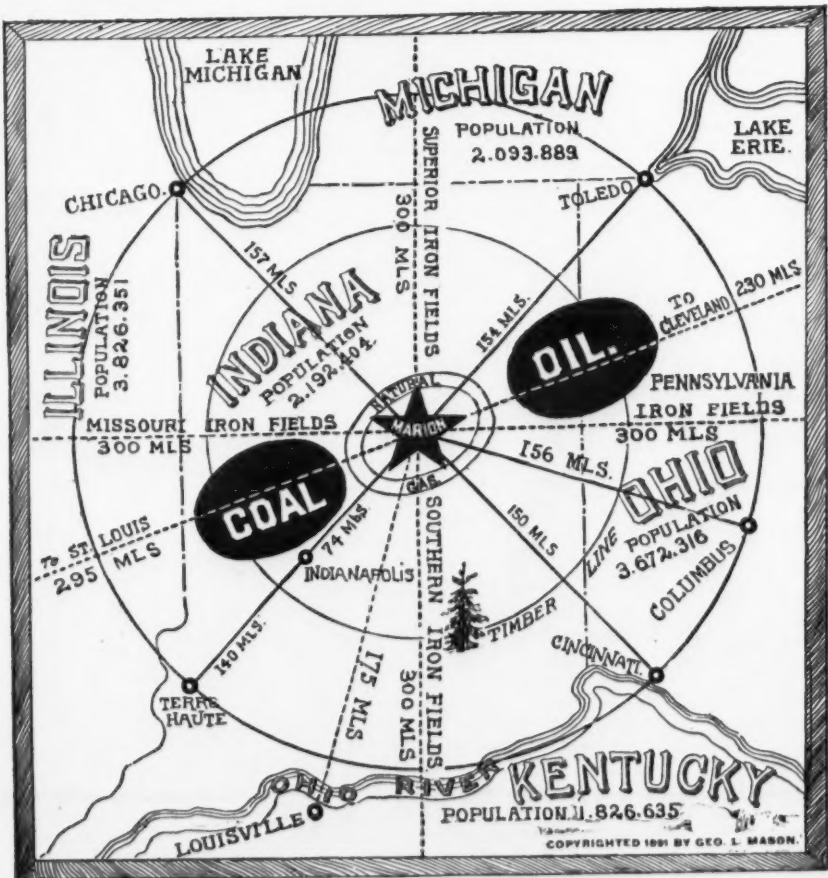
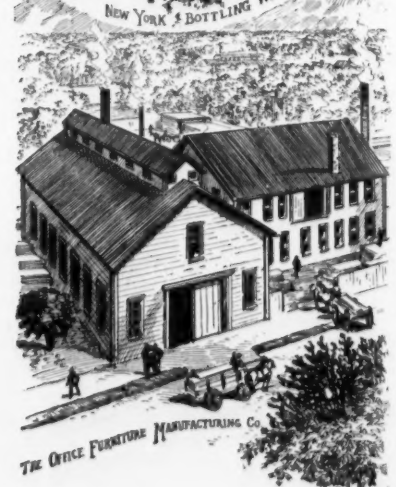
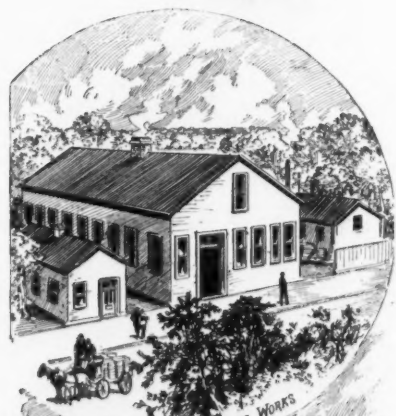
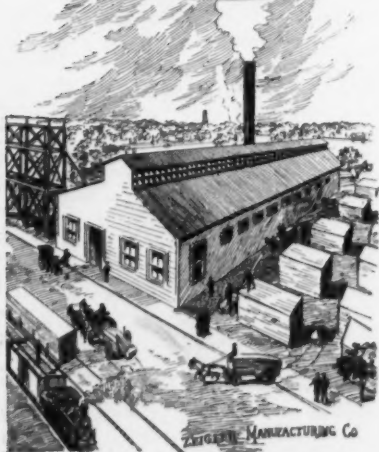
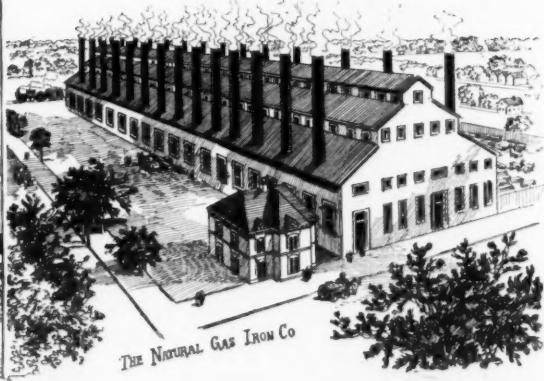
GEORGE L. MASON.



W. H. WILEY.



THAD. BUTLER.



MARION'S MATCHLESS POSITION AS A GEOGRAPHICAL AND TRADE CENTRE.
WITHIN A RADIUS OF 200 MILES ARE 13,611,595 CONSUMERS.

CITY-BUILDING.—WEST MARION, INDIANA, AND ITS "BOOMERS."

dollars that were taxed at forty dollars an acre as farm lands. The aldermen finally gave up the problem, sent a memorial to the State Legislature, and got relief. Now the taxes are assessed equitably.

Four years ago there were but six factories in the village of Marion, and the value of the manufactured products of the region now known as the Indiana gas belt was said to be but \$500,000. To-day there are sixty-eight factories in the city of Marion, and the value of last year's gas-belt factory products was more than \$50,000,000. Think that over twice.

There is thrilling interest in commonplace things to those whose world is small. Farmers who to-day come into Marion over what was once the Roseburg pike, stand amazed at the door of the new rolling-mill, or the window-glass works, and view the fiery wonders of the new costless, dustless, smokeless fuel. "Why, last year I helped to get in a crop of corn on this very spot," says one; and another remarks that "the land was not worth a hundred dollars an acre before the gas was discovered." On April 15th, 1891, a corner lot within a stone's throw of that rolling-mill was sold at auction for \$1,000, and the lot adjoining for \$510. The man who sold the lots bought them in October, 1890, for \$112.50 each.

It is interesting to note what a change of fortune for the city has done for the country. The farmer no longer beds his oxen up to their knees in straw "jest to git rid of it." He exchanges the straw for gold at the new straw-board mill at Marion. And the new Studebaker Wagon Works at Marion will give him cash for hickory logs, or will give him a new wagon for a few good oak logs. He used to burn the timber to make a few cents' worth of potash. The furniture factory can take his green logs, cut them into lumber, pile the wet boards into the dry kiln, turn on the gas and season the lumber in a few hours without expense. "Hog-and-hominy" farmers are getting scarce, because the city merchants demand other products besides pork and corn. The hotels want vegetables which there was no profit in raising before, and the green-house business prospers because free natural gas makes heat in winter as cheap in the glass-houses as sunshine in summer, and the big markets of Chicago are only one hundred and fifty-seven miles away.

Every city has a reason for its being, and if it is a so-called "boom" city it has, or should have, reasons for its boom. Cheap water-power builds up some cities. Marion can furnish the manufacturer with gas to make steam-power without cost, and this same bounty of nature will melt his iron, light and heat his buildings, and warm the homes of his workmen. Even free water-power could not do that. A deep harbor or proximity to iron and coal mines, or favorable location upon trunk lines of railroad builds up other cities. Marion has no water commerce, but is only a few miles from the inexhaustible coal-fields of Indiana, available should her gas ever give out, and indeed she is herself the possessor of thirty coal-mines of a daily average capacity of two hundred and forty tons each, reckoning 25,000 cubic feet of gas as equivalent in heat units to a ton of coal. It costs but \$1,200 to put down a gas-well, and these veritable fuel mines bring their products to the surface incessantly, night and day, without the stroke of a miner's pick or the expenditure of a pound of energy.

Marion is equidistant from the iron mines of Lake Superior, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Missouri. Costless fuel and cheap freight on ore must inevitably make the Indiana gas belt the centre of iron-smelting on this continent. Marion is a county seat, having a fine court-house built of Ohio sandstone, at a cost of \$175,000, and she has three trunk lines of railroad. The limestone quarries on the outskirts of the city supply excellent building material, and beds of clay are found in the southern part of the town that make the finest pressed brick. The brick industry is one of the most profitable in Marion, as the clay has simply to be shoveled up, put through the pressing machines, the bricks piled up and the gas turned on, baking them uniformly and perfectly without expense. At the rate that American cities are now building, there is no danger of a glut in the brick market.

As for climate, Marion is unexcelled by any point in the great midland plain of America. That portion of Indiana was long ago cleared up and drained. Malaria is almost unknown. Grant County is hilly, and the Mississinewa River, which flows through Marion—which lies between and upon hills—makes perfect conditions for drainage. It was the known healthfulness of Marion that caused it to be selected as the site for the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, now nearly completed, at a cost of several million dollars, and already the home of nearly a thousand old veterans.

When the census man at Washington discovered, from the last enumeration, the centre of population of the Union, he found that a decade of growth had moved the centre westward to a point a few miles south of Marion. And his figures also showed that Indiana and her bordering States of Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, and Michigan together contain one-fourth of all the people in the United States. There is a market for Marion products! An examination of the map shows that Marion is within 175 miles of the great market cities of Chicago, Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo, Louisville, and Indianapolis, and but 230 miles from Cleveland and 295 miles from St. Louis.

The great hard-wood timber belt of Indiana surrounds Marion, and the northern section of the State, including Grant County, is said to produce more food for man and beast than any similar area in the world. If Pennsylvania has become the second State in the Union in wealth and population, by reason of her great possessions of coal, oil, and gas, while her country is mostly rough, hemlock-covered, and unproductive, what may not Indiana expect with a gas field many times greater in area; with a field of finest coking coal five thousand square miles in extent, and with oil fields at Montpelier, only a few months old, already surpassing in output the first oil territory discovered in Pennsylvania? In January last, four miles south-east of Marion, an oil-well was drilled that flowed more than one hundred barrels a day. Already a company has been formed of enterprising citizens of Marion to develop this oil territory, and Standard Oil men have organized a big corporation to do business in Grant and other counties.

Natural gas in manufacturing long ago passed the experimental stage, and those who shook their heads and prophesied that

the gas would give out in a few months now hold their tongues in deference to proof of its being practically inexhaustible. It is estimated that the city of Marion and the other towns in the Indiana gas belt, also the district that supplies the pipe lines to Chicago, Indianapolis, and other cities outside the belt, take gas from a combined area of only one hundred square miles. The known extent of the Indiana gas field is more than three thousand square miles! And none of the wells within the district now used show any signs of exhaustion. In fact, "Old Vitality," a well at Marion in which, at the last stroke in drilling, the tools got stuck, has, without diminution of pressure, for nearly four years supplied a dozen factories with fuel, though there is a ton of drilling tools and two hundred and fifty feet of rope at the bottom of the well.

In a series of articles on "The Development of American Industries since Columbus," now running in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Professor W. B. Duffee, in the March number, writes as follows:

"Among the more recent improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel, the use of gaseous fuel stands conspicuous. The idea of first converting the fuel into a combustible gas, and conveying this to the point where heat was required, and there igniting it, is a very old one [invented by Abu Musa Deschabir, an Arabian alchemist, in the eighth century], and in one form or another it has been employed for over one thousand years; but it is only within the present century that the manifold advantages of gas as a metallurgical fuel have become fully recognized by the iron and steel workers of the world. . . . Natural gas has been known to the nations of the Old World for thousands of years. The Persian fire-worshippers used it for their sacred fire, and it has been used as a fuel in China since a time beyond the range of authentic history.

"The earliest use of natural gas in this country was as an illuminant in the village of Fredonia, N. Y., in 1827. It is still used there. The first person to use natural gas for manufacturing purposes is believed to have been Mr. William Tompkins, who, in 1842, employed it in the Kanawha valley for heating the kettles of a salt-block one hundred feet in length. In 1845 Messrs. Dickerson & Shrewsbury bored a well on the Kanawha River, in West Virginia, to a depth of one thousand feet, from which a sufficient quantity of gas issued, according to a computation by Professor B. Silliman, Jr., 'to light the city of New York for twelve years.'

"The first use of natural gas for the manufacture of iron was in the Siberian Rolling Mill of Rogers & Burchfield, of Leechburg, Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, in 1874, twenty-nine years after it had been successfully used under a salt-block in West Virginia, and forty-seven years after its first use for lighting Fredonia, N. Y. But now gas-wells increase and multiply in the land, and lines of pipe radiate from them in all directions, conveying silently as the lapse of time, to city and mill, forge and furnace, their heat-giving product that has lain dormant in the earth for untold centuries, but which now, at the summons of modern science, comes forth from its abiding-place to do no small share of the work of the world."

The citizens of Marion, assisted by the sister towns of the Indiana gas belt, will this year celebrate "the age of natural gas" by holding, at Marion, in September, a natural gas industrial exposition, a project conceived by George L. Mason, of the real-estate firm of Mason, Wiley & Butler. Its aim will be to show, under one roof, products of each of the nearly one thousand different industries using free gas fuel in Indiana. These factories are the foundation upon which rests the prosperity of the gas belt. They have practically abolished idleness and poverty in this favored region, and yet manufacturing is still in its infancy in the Indiana gas belt. Workmen quickly become owners of their own homes, and it can seldom be truthfully said, "Here comes a tramp."

GEORGE M. BAILEY.

BUILDERS OF CITIES.

A STORY OF AMERICAN PLUCK, ENTERPRISE, AND BRAINS—
WHAT THREE MEN HAVE DONE FOR MARION, INDIANA.

THE growth of a city is like the building up of a private fortune. The first thousand comes slowly, by great labor and foresight. Then the increase becomes easier and more rapid. What was once a slow pace becomes a trot, and the trot a gallop, and lo! the metropolis, dictating in politics and finance, or the millionaire whose loans rescue a kingdom from bankruptcy or build a railroad across the continent.

When a city reaches a certain stage of development its wealth and superior facilities for business cause everything to run that way. And when a man acquires a million even circumstances seem to conspire to make him richer. Everything runs his way.

The history of Marion, Ind., has been a striking parallel of this experience of growth in cities, but she will differ, in rapidity of growth, from all other cities in the world from this day onward. This is not said from mere enthusiasm. The elements are there and are all in motion. Marion's first thousands of population came slowly, by great labor and hardship. In 1888, after half a century of toil, she enrolled 3,500 citizens. And that year gas was discovered. The outside world, knowing the history of natural gas and oil booms in Pennsylvania and Ohio, did not go mad over the news, and thus Marion was saved from that period of panic now sadly remembered as a "boom" by men who rushed to Pithole City, a place to-day not found on any map, and to other points before the air-bubble of their prosperity was pricked.

Every citizen within the rapidly spreading boundaries of Marion who has come since 1888 was brought by the location there of some permanent, substantial industry requiring his capital or daily labor, or both. Or he was brought by the enlarged mercantile business of the city consequent upon its factory growth. And every citizen can give a reason for his being a citizen. He has faith in the supply and permanency of the natural gas, and can also give a reason for this faith that is in him. There is no wholesaling of city lots in unsafe distance ahead of actual occupancy of the land.

By searching for the causes throughout the world of every great increase in material prosperity, some particular man or set of men will be found to be the inspiring causes. Their enter-

prise, pluck, and brains supply the life current of the community, and their ideals, when materialized into brick and stone, create all the difference in value that exists between farm lands and improved city streets and factory sites, because it is the density of population and not any inherent value in the soil that makes city real estate valuable.

Even a superficial search for the causes which have promoted Marion's growth will bring out, head and shoulders above all other men, George L. Mason and his business partners, William H. Wiley and Thaddeus Butler. They have unquestionably done more to advertise the advantages of Marion than all of the other business men of the city. Their methods of work are different from other American city builders, and are original in many respects. The strength of their method and the source of confidence which their clients have in them lies in the fact that they invest their own profits in the industries which they induce to locate on their lands, and thus prove that they believe in the permanency and quantity of the gas supply. They are not real estate men in the general meaning of the term. They are city-builders.

A year ago the west side of Marion, a raised plateau about seventy feet above the main town, and almost level, was farm land, though its owners and all Marion knew that at the rate that Marion was growing there would be very few more farm crops raised on that land. By individual purchase, and by means of syndicates which they organized, Mason, Wiley & Butler have to-day acquired the ownership or control of more than one thousand acres of this plateau, extending from within two blocks of the old business centre of the town in a direct line two and one-half miles westward. Their territory is nearly a half-mile wide, and a grand boulevard traverses the centre of it. Before giving in detail the story of the enterprises that have been exploited during the past year by this firm, it may be said that where crops of oats and corn were growing last July, to-day are ten new factories, a large, elegantly furnished hotel, an electric street railroad nearing completion, and more than a hundred houses, built upon pretty streets and occupied by workmen in the factories. An army of men is at work grading streets, laying railroad tracks, building stores, houses, and making other improvements, and every night sees the value of the land increase by reason of this growth of buildings, just as last summer every night saw value added in a day's growth of oats and corn. But what a difference in values! The crop of factories, houses, and stores has come to stay, and it grows through winter and summer, and no scythe will ever gather it into barns. Free land for factory sites, free fuel for steam-making and iron-melting, and a fuel that lights and heats buildings without expense—these are the inducements that Mason, Wiley & Butler had to offer, together with free switching on a belt line of railroad which connects the three main trunk lines of Marion. But even these were not sufficient to draw manufacturers and investors without great hustling, and each member of the firm and a corps of trained agents worked like beavers to accomplish the results visible to-day.

In this era of grand opportunities, when so many good things of all kinds are claiming attention, even if a man has the best thing in the world, the world will not find it out unless he tells it and tells it correctly and persistently. So Mason, Wiley & Butler publish 100,000 copies of a monthly journal called *The Gas Age*, which they distribute with all the care and sagacity of expert advertisers.

But the principal method of making the properties of this firm known is by taking intending investors to see the land itself. For more than a year Mason, Wiley & Butler have run monthly excursions from Buffalo, N. Y., to Marion, using Wagner palace coaches and often two locomotives. Thousands have accepted their invitation, and one is yet to be found who did not thoroughly enjoy the trip and the mighty wonders of the gas region, and who is not convinced that the values of real estate are true values, and that the future of Marion is to be something tremendous. The remaining dates of the excursions this summer are, July 28th, September 1st, October 6th, and November 24th.

The Westerman Natural Gas Iron Company is probably the most interesting exhibit in the Indiana gas belt, because it is the successful experiment of one of the oldest and best known iron-masters in this country—George Westerman, Sr., formerly of Sharon, Pa., and of the present Westerman Rolling Mills of Lockport, N. Y. This industry was secured by Mason, Wiley & Butler as the first of their Marion development enterprises. It was organized with \$100,000 capital stock, with George L. Mason, president; George Westerman, Sr., vice-president; and Frederick E. Mason, secretary and treasurer. The mill occupies an iron-covered building 140 by 240 feet in size, and has a capacity of fifty tons a day of finest merchant bar iron. The first output of the mill, about two months ago, received the unqualified praise of the men who bought it, and it also stood the severest technical tests. When the last set of furnaces, now being put in, are completed, the mill will employ 250 men.

The Ziegler Manufacturing Company, employing fifty men, and having \$25,000 capital stock, was the second industry located by Mason, Wiley & Butler. The company moved from Buffalo, N. Y., and are manufacturers of patent scaffolding, awings, and wood novelties.

The New York Bottling Company came next, with John Frey, of Newark, N. Y., president; E. P. Simpson, of Fairport, N. Y., general manager, and A. F. Murdoff, secretary and treasurer. They have a capital stock of \$10,000 and employ twenty-five persons.

The Costello Candy Factory is the next industry in importance. It is owned by Mr. P. J. Costello, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., a confectioner of national reputation. His factory, though only completed a month ago, is overrun with orders for chocolate confections—which will be the specialty of the Marion house—and when all the machinery is in position he will employ one hundred hands.

The building for the Diamond Cracker Company is nearly completed. It is of brick, two stories in height, and 60x200 feet in size. The company is composed of George L. Mason, president; A. F. Murdoff, of Fairport, N. Y., vice-president and general manager, and C. H. Dunbar, of the same town, secretary and treasurer. The factory will have a capacity of converting one

hundred barrels of flour into crackers every twenty-four hours, and will employ seventy-five persons. It will also be a new and useful illustration of the application of natural gas to manufacturing.

It became necessary for Mason, Wiley & Butler to build a hotel to accommodate the excursionists who came from the East to buy their lands, and to furnish a home for the many builders who were at work upon their lands. So they built a pretty cottage hotel, shown in the illustrations accompanying this article, and opened it with a grand ball and house-warming on April 15th last. A thousand people attended the christening of the "York Inn," and it is to-day full of regular guests. The house cost, completed, \$27,600.

The more recent industrial establishments located upon Mason, Wiley & Butler's tract are the Office Furniture Manufacturing Company, to employ fifty hands and having \$20,000 capital, with F. E. Mason, president; C. H. Green, of Fairport, N. Y., vice-

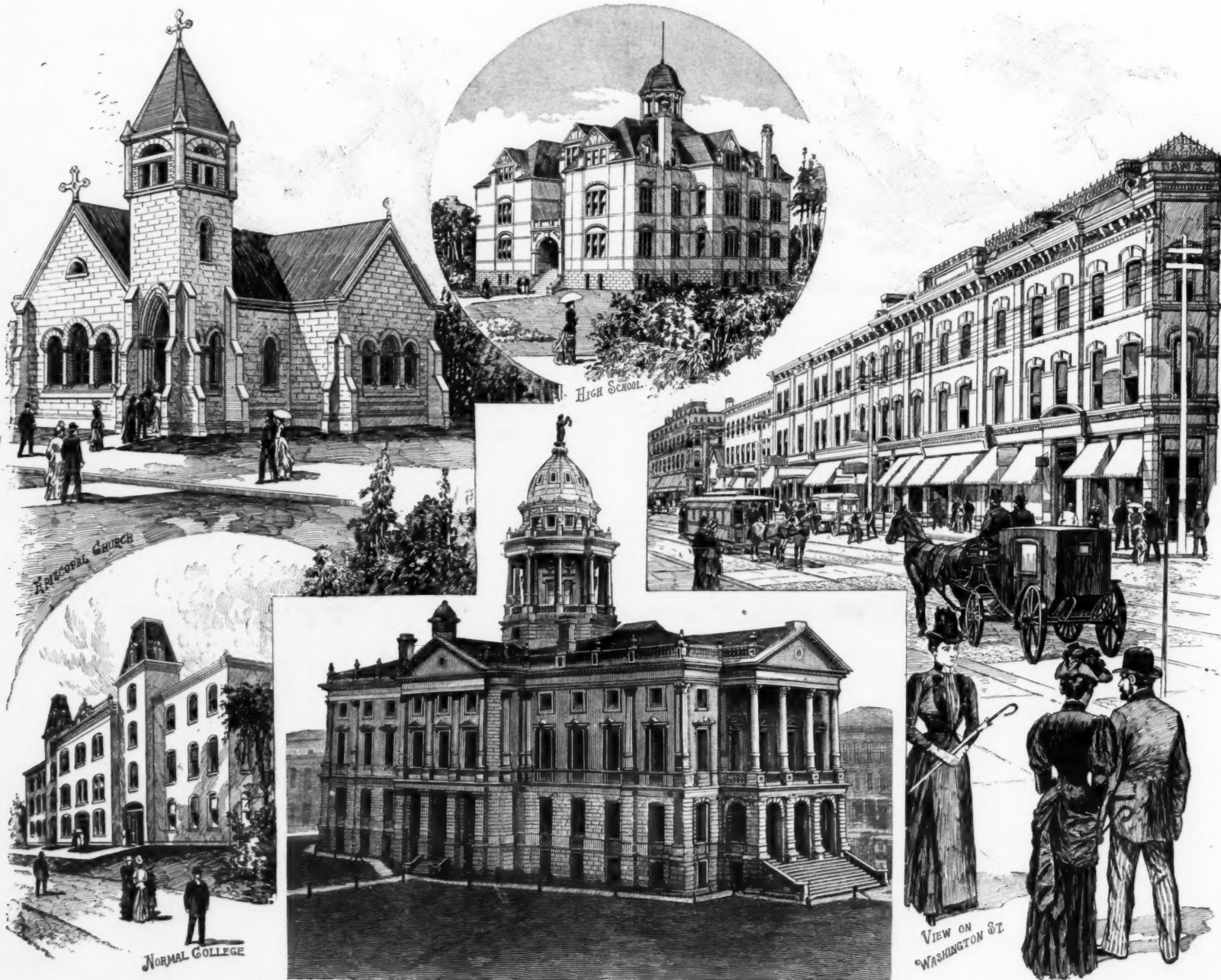
Butler. That firm secured a franchise from the Common Council of Marion for a line covering nine miles of streets, running from the public square out over the entire length of the firm's tract, upon the broad Mason Boulevard, and returning to the square by way of the National Soldiers' Home (referred to elsewhere), the cemetery, all the depots, and the principal business streets. The Queen City Electric Street Railway Company, with \$150,000 capital stock, was organized to build this road, with Mr. Russell B. Harrison, of Indiana, as president; George L. Mason, vice-president and general manager; Frederick E. Mason, treasurer, and William H. Wiley, secretary. The company is also incorporated with rights to furnish electric power and lighting, and is the popular bidder for the contract of lighting the city of Marion. The road is now being built jointly by the Westinghouse Manufacturing Company, of Pittsburg, Pa. and the United States Railway Equipment Company, of Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia. The road-bed is graded, poles are set, rails are being laid, and handsome vesti-

with \$50,000 capital stock, with George L. Mason, its originator, as president; George M. Bailey, of Buffalo, N. Y., vice-president and general manager; Frederick E. Mason, treasurer, and William H. Wiley, secretary. The exposition will be held in September next, and its principal exhibits will be taken to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Undoubtedly the results will amply justify the expense incurred in the enterprise.

A man dropped into the Buffalo office of Mason, Wiley & Butler on Monday, June 1st, and said: "My name is D. N. Miner, of Wolcott, N. Y. You may not remember my face, but I was one of a party on your excursion to Marion last year. I have just returned from a long trip through the West, and called this morning to give you this letter, for what it is worth;" and he handed Mr. Mason the following:

"WOLCOTT, N. Y., May 27th, 1891.

"DEAR SIR:—I joined one of your excursions to Marvelous Marion last November, and thoroughly looked your town over. In April I left



THE COURT-HOUSE.

SOME OF THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF MARION, INDIANA.

president and general manager, and Frank A. Hognire, of Avon, N. Y., secretary and treasurer; the Forest Manufacturing Company, employing twenty-five hands in turning out patent cooking utensils and tinware; and the Austin Furniture Company, from Austin, Tex., buildings under contract, to employ one hundred and twenty-five men.

The Bonny Vise Works, employing twenty-five men, have been in operation more than a year, on the tract we are describing; also the Sweet & Clark Malleable Iron Works, from Troy, N. Y., employing two hundred and fifty men in turning out saddlery hardware and all kinds of annealed castings. A veritable village has sprung up around the latter works, and they are about to double the size of their plant.

Another large industry for which buildings are now being erected is the Natural Gas Iron Company, capital stock \$150,000, to employ three hundred men in the manufacture of "muck-bar" iron from pig-iron, instead of from scraps, as is done by the Westerman mill. It will be another practical demonstration of the utility and economy of natural gas fuel in the iron industries.

A planing-mill and sash, door, and blind factory is completed, and now placing in its machinery, on Mason, Wiley & Butler's tract, and the Brophel block—a brick and stone store building—is rapidly going up adjoining the Diamond Cracker Factory. Mr. Fred McCartney, of Dansville, N. Y., is also building a brick and stone store, and Mr. A. J. Scott, of Elmira, N. Y., is putting up a building to be used for store purposes. Plans are also being drawn for a very ornamental brick office and bank block for Mason, Wiley & Butler, opposite the York Inn, on Avon Avenue and Sixteenth Street.

The electric street railroad, referred to above, is the largest public enterprise yet organized in Marion by Mason, Wiley &

bule cars will be running over five and one-half miles of the line by August 10th next. Marion will then be a testing field for rival street railway systems, as the Marion Street Railway Company (the present horse-car line) is putting in the Thompson-Houston system on its six miles of road.

On Wednesday, May 20th last, the first sod was turned, with appropriate speeches, for the main building of the great Natural Gas Belt Industrial Exposition, on Mason, Wiley & Butler's tract at Marion. The main building will be 44x400 feet in size, two



HOTEL CHAUTAUQUA, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

stories high, of brick, with a power-house in the rear. The objects of this exposition will be to show, by practical working exhibits and specimens of manufactured articles, the utility and economy of the new costless, dustless, smokeless fuel, in nearly one thousand different industries. The exposition association is organized

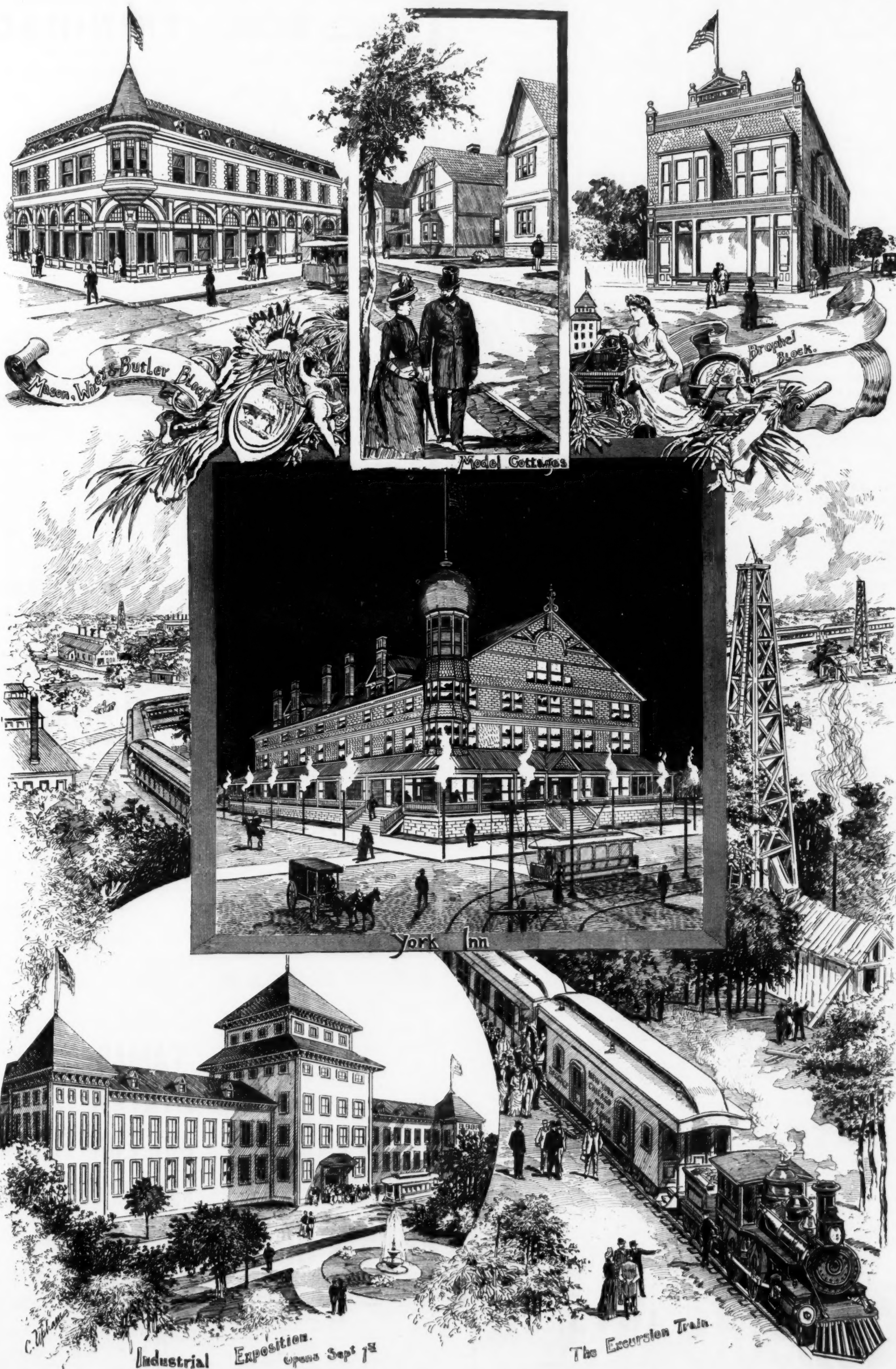
home or a trip to the Pacific coast and have just returned. I visited Los Angeles and other points on the southern coast of California, went up the coast to Portland, Oregon, thence to Seattle, Tacoma, back through Dakota, St. Paul, etc., East. I frankly say that I saw no place during my entire trip that appeared to equal Marion, in substantial and rapid development, and as a place for a safe investment. I was very much pleased, after this trip, with the investment I made in Marion last fall.

Very truly, etc.,

D. N. MINER."

Another estimate of the business ability and enterprise of Mason, Wiley & Butler is shown in a side issue which they have recently gone into—the purchase of the popular summer resort of Niagara-on-the-Lake, on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, at its outlet into Lake Ontario. This resort is the seat of the Niagara Assembly of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, known as "The Canadian Chautauqua," and the sale of their lands, hotel, dock, electric-light plant, etc., will not affect the work of the Assembly, but will, in fact, enable them to arrange for a better programme than ever for this season. The grounds are reached directly from Buffalo by the Michigan Central Railroad, which has a station on the grounds, or by the New York Central road from Buffalo via Niagara Falls and Lewiston, and by steamer from Lewiston. From Toronto the magnificent steamers *Cibola* and *Chicora* make several trips daily to Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mason, Wiley & Butler will run several excursions in July and August to the Assembly grounds for the auction sale of cottage sites. The Hotel Chautauqua, which they have bought, is completely furnished, with electric light, telephone and telegraph connections, and will be open June 10th.

The offices of Mason, Wiley & Butler are: Rooms 16 and 17, Post-office building, Marion; Room 42, German Insurance building, Rochester, N. Y.; Rooms 1 and 2, Western Savings Bank building, Buffalo, N. Y., and *Judge* building, Fifth Avenue, New York City.



THE STORY OF "MARVELOUS MARION"—THE WORK OF THREE MEN, MASON, WILEY, AND BUTLER, IN BUILDING THE CITY.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.

FUN.

It takes a tramp a long, long time to break up a cord of wood; but it doesn't take long for a cord of wood to break up a tramp.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Missouri paper tells of a man who "let his mules bark and kill a tree, for which he was fined \$100." A man who allows mules to bark ought to be fined to the limit of the law. It was a just sentence.

LOWESTON, '92, walks impudently up, after the rest of the division is seated, and places his hat on the air-pump. Professor: "If you desire a vacuum under that hat, Mr. Loweston, you had better put it on."—*Yale Record.*

ANOTHER FIELD FOR WOMAN'S WORK.

In Mr. Harry Du Val's article describing the Grand Central Depot in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for June 6th, he speaks of the work women are doing in the comptroller's department of the New York Central Railroad. "Twenty of the clerks are girls," he says, and adds that they "are excellent workers, faithful and attentive, constantly proving that they are fitted for broader fields of labor. In France women are universally employed for the sale of tickets at railway stations. The time is coming when it will be asked why they should not have an equal chance with men in this country for appointments to such positions, and here is a capital training-school." The suggestion is a new one to the majority of railroad men, and many of them have discussed it with Mr. Du Val and among themselves. It seems not at all unlikely that within a short time women will begin to be employed as is here suggested. Mr. Du Val handled a subject with which he was so familiar as to have made it difficult for him to write about it with the zeal of a new and keen interest, but he did that and more besides, since it appears that his article may be the means of opening a new field of industry for women.—*New York Sun, June 13th.*

SALVATION Oil will cure your lame back. It never fails. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. The infatuation of the people is not strange, when Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the subject.

INCREASED TRAIN SERVICE TO LONG BRANCH, PT. PLEASANT, AND INTERMEDIATE STATIONS.

With the new summer schedule of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to take effect June 20th, a largely increased train service will be placed in operation between New York and points on the upper coast resorts of New Jersey.

Express trains will leave from foot of Desbrosses and Cortlandt streets as follows: 8:30, 7:10, 9:10 A.M.; 12 noon; 2:30, 3:10, 3:40, 4:20, 5:10 and 7 P.M., week days; 8:15, 9:45 A.M., and 5:15 P.M. Sundays.

The 3:30, 7:10, 9:10 A.M., 2:30, 3:10 and 5:10 P.M. trains on week days will run through to Toms River, and the 9:45 A.M. on Sunday will run as far as Seaside Park. The returning schedule is equally as fine, and meets in every respect the wants of the seaside sojourner.

MOTHERS give Angostura Bitters to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels.

THE Fall River Line steamers, *Puritan* and *Plymouth*, are now leaving New York at 5:30, instead of 5 P.M., as heretofore.

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On your next trip West patronize the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and enjoy the advantages of departing from Grand Central Station, traveling over a great four-track railway, along the Hudson—America's most picturesque and beautiful river—via Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract, or along the south shore of Lake Erie. In new Wagner vestibule trains, with unsurpassed service and equipment.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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THE VERY BEST.
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Cuticura Soap
FOR COMPLEXIONS
BAD ROUGH HANDS
AND BABY HUMORS.
BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, blotchy, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails, and chaps, Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvelous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet, and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurements, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.
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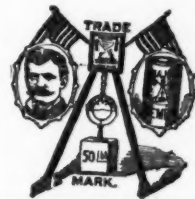
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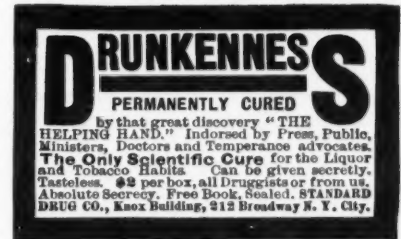
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FIRST—An award of \$135 in cash [or \$200 in case the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer who shall send us the most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of making the exposure to the mounting and finishing of the photograph.

SECOND—An award of \$75 in cash [or \$100 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer sending us the next most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of the exposure to the completion of the photograph.

THIRD—An award of \$50 in cash [or \$75 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer sending us the third most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of exposure to the printing and finishing of the photograph.

FOURTH—An award of \$35 in cash [or \$50 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer who shall send us the most perfect and artistic specimen of work, the exposure of which has been made solely by himself or herself, and the developing, mounting or finishing by others.

FIFTH—An award of \$20 in cash [or \$25 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer sending us the second best specimen of work, the exposure of which has been made solely by the contestant, and the developing, mounting or finishing by others.

SIXTH—An award of \$10 in cash [or \$20 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer sending us the third best specimen of work where assistance has been rendered him or her by others subsequent to the time of making the exposure.

SEVENTH—An award of \$8 in cash [or \$15 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] for the fourth best specimen of work done by an amateur photographer without assistance from others.

EIGHTH—An award of \$6 in cash [or \$10 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] for the fifth best specimen of work done by an amateur photographer without assistance from others.

NINTH—An award of \$5 in cash and an award of \$4 in cash [or \$8 and \$7 respectively, if the successful contestants are subscribers to the paper] for the fourth and fifth best specimens of work respectively done by amateur photographers where assistance has been rendered by others subsequent to the time of making the exposure.

As in the first and second contests, a page of the paper will be devoted each week to the reproduction of the choicest pictures received from week to week, and at the close of the competitive period the successful photographs will be published.

Whether a contestant is a subscriber or not will have no weight whatever in the rendering of the decisions. A subscriber will have an extra advantage, after a decision is arrived at, of receiving a larger amount by 50 per cent, than he would were he not on our subscription list. A person can subscribe for the "Weekly" for one, six or twelve months, as he or she may choose, only the subscription must be received by us prior to the date of the closing of the contest to permit of its falling under the subscription class.

RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

The contest will close October 1st, 1891, and the prizes will be awarded as soon thereafter as possible. All entries in the contest must be received by us before October 1st.

No restriction is made as to the number of photographs sent in by any one contestant, nor as to date or time of taking them, excepting that photographs which have been entered in our previous contests cannot be received in the present contest.

The photographs must be sent in mounted and finished complete, and must in all cases, when forwarded by mail or express, be fully prepaid, otherwise they are liable to rejection.

The size of the photograph can be as large or as small as the judgment of the contestant may dictate.

The subject of the photograph may be scenery, figures (animate or inanimate), architecture (exterior or interior views), or any object which the contestant may choose.

The contestant must fill out the following blank (cutting the same from the paper) and send it in with the photograph or package of photographs which he desires to enter in the contest. Each entry in the competition must be accompanied by one of these blanks properly filled out. An entry, however, can consist of one or a number of photographs, as stated above, and when sent in at one time but one blank is required. If a number of photographs are sent in by the same contestant at different times, they must each time be accompanied by a blank, filled out as stated.

In addition to sending the blank below, the contestant will kindly write his name and address on each photograph he may send in.

All entries and communications must be addressed as follows:

PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Name.....

Address.....

State whether work was done with or without assistance from others.....

How many photos are enclosed..... Date.....



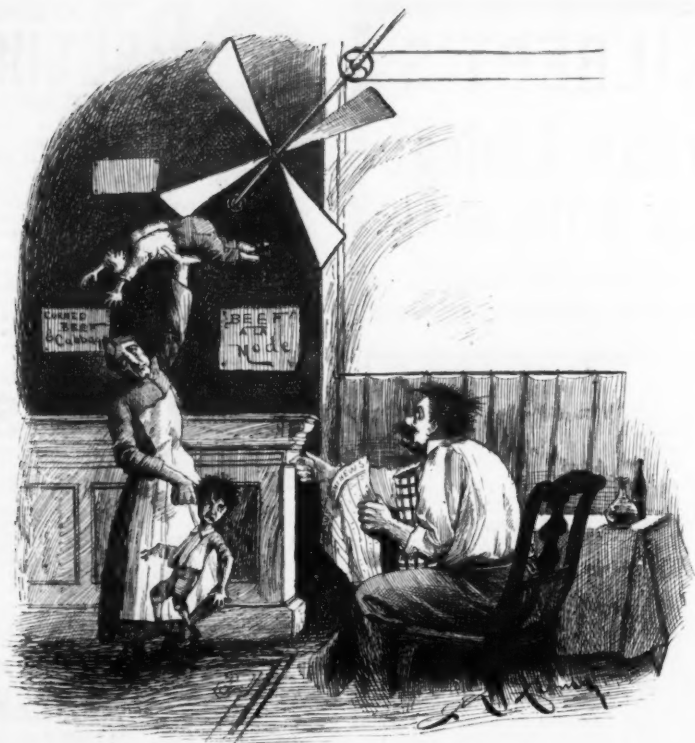
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